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"A LUCKY SHOT!" EXCLAIMED THE WOOD NYMPH, KNEELING BY THE SIDE OF DEAD BRUIN.

RED ARROW, THE WOLF DEMON; OR, The Queen of the Kanawha.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

Author of "The Ace of Spades," "The Scarlet Hand," "The Heart of Fire," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS.

In the opening chapters of this fine romance the author introduces most of the leading characters. First, as a Prologue, he relates a strange incident—the killing of a Shawnee chief by a creature, neither brute nor human—half-wolf—half-man—the Shawnee's terror and the White Man's Mystery. The dead chief bears on his breast the symbol of the dread creature's presence—an arrow cut by three slashes of the knife. Having committed the deed, the Wolf Demon disappears in the forest as noiselessly as he came.

Chapter I. brings before us the great Daniel Boone. He shoots at a buck, which stood looking out over the Ohio river, where the Kanawha enters it. At the same moment another shot is heard, and the buck falls, pierced by two bullets. The two hunters rush forward to claim their game, eying each other viciously. They are strangers to each other, but Boone's good-nature disdains to quarrel for a deer, and he so expresses himself, at the same time revealing who he is. The other hunter, the stalwart Abe Lark, is equally magnanimous, and both men "freeze" to one another in a lasting friendship. Abe had been on a scout to the Shawnee country, over in Ohio, and is on his way to the post of Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Kanawha, in West Virginia, to warn the people of the Indians' being again on the war-path, having been incited thereto by the detested renegade, Simon Girty. Over this news Boone is sad enough, but his soul is at once aroused to meet the savages steel with steel. The two men proceed to the settlement and give the alarm.

Chapter II. introduces us to the Shawnee village at the moment when the dead warrior is brought in with the dreadful sign of the Wolf Demon on his breast. The Indians are deeply incensed and horrified, and even Girty's black soul is filled with a noble fear of the war monster, whose coming and going is so much like that of a shadow, but whose hand deals death to every red-man in its path.

In Chapter III. we have the beautiful Virginia Treveling, leaving the village of Point Pleasant to hunt blackberries in the rocky ravines above the post. She is busy with her pleasant task when a scream bursts from her lips as a huge mountain bear comes toward her. With a scream upon scream she flies down the ravine, pursued by the ferocious beast. A young adventurer, from Massachusetts, was then pursuing the trail or only beaten path to the settlement. He hears the screams and bounds to the rescue. Throwing himself in between the bear and the maiden, he bade her escape, while he alone fought the now angry brute. But the brave girl would not leave this young stranger to his fate, and stood at his side as he shot at the oncoming bear. The shot only wounded the brute, and rendered him more infuriated, and gave the girl a fright. The young man, Harvey Winthrop, drew his knife and prepared for a death-grapple. The bear approached, erected himself on his hind feet and advanced with open jaws. At that awful moment when the man stood undaunted, and Virginia was hastily reloading his rifle, a shot was fired; a bullet whizzed past Harvey's ear, and the bear, with a roar of agony, fell over, wounded to his death. Who had fired the saving shot? Whose steady hand and clear eye had thus nobly averted the great danger? Imagine the astonishment of both Harvey and Miss Treveling to see emerge from the bushes not far away, a young girl—a veritable Forest Queen. She had done the deed!

CHAPTER IV.

THE GIRL THAT FIRED THE SHOT.
WINTHROP looked with amazed eyes upon his preserver, for that the girl had saved his

life by coming so timely to his rescue, there was hardly a doubt.

The young man saw a beautiful girl, clad in the Indian fashion, her garb coyly fringed and decorated with colored beads. But, though clad in the garb of the Indian, more white blood than red leaped in the veins of the forest-child.

Her skin was of a rich olive tinge; a peculiar skin—so thin, despite its darkness, that it showed the quick play of the surging blood in the veins beneath.

Dark-brown hair floated in tangled masses from the fillet of deer-skin, adorned with eagle plumes, that encircled her head. Her eyes were dark-brown in hue, and large and full as the eyes of the deer.

Grace was in every motion, yet one could easily see that the graceful limbs were strong and sinewy—muscles of steel beneath the silken skin.

Lightly the girl bounded down, from rock to rock, until she reached the bottom of the little defile wherein stood the two by the carcass of the dead bear who had fallen by the rifle of this forest-fay.

Not was Virginia less astonished at the sudden appearance of the dark-hued maiden than the young stranger.

She gazed with amazement on the girl who was so unlike all of her sex in looks and dress.

"A lucky shot!" exclaimed the Wood Nymph, kneeling by the side of dead Bruin, and examining the wound that had given him his death.

"I owe you my life!" cried Winthrop, impulsively; "for had I once got into the grim hug of the brute, I'm afraid he would have made sad work of me."

"No, not to me," replied the girl, "but to the great One above who first sent me to your aid, and then gave me the skill to send the bullet home to the heart of the bear."

"I shall thank you, though, all the same," replied the young man. "You have saved my life, and, while I live, I shall never forget it."

"Don't speak of it any more, please," said the girl, a blush mantling to her cheeks at the earnest gaze of the young forester. "You threw yourself into danger to save this young lady; Heaven sent me to your aid, for it was not right that you should be sacrificed while acting so nobly."

"Yes; and I must thank you, sir, for perilling your life in my behalf," said Virginia, in her low, sweet voice, that thrilled like pleasant music through the heart of the young adventurer.

"You make me ashamed of my simple service," replied Winthrop. "I would have done the same for any one in peril. It is our duty in this life to help our fellow-creatures, and I would be unworthy of the name of man, had I stood by and witnessed your peril without making an effort to save you."

The forest-maiden watched the girl's face, while the young man was speaking, with a peculiar expression in her dark eyes.

"I am Virginia, daughter of General Treveling, of Point Pleasant; if you are going thither, I am sure my father will thank you heartily for the service you have this day rendered his only child."

"I am going to Point Pleasant, and shall be pleased to meet your father, whom I have

heard highly spoken of many times on my way here," said Winthrop. Then he turned to the girl in the Indian garb, who stood leaning upon her rifle, with her eyes intently fixed upon the two. "Lady, may I not know the name of her whose well-directed shot saved me? There may come a time when I can repay the service."

"Do not ask my name," said the girl, in a mournful tone. "It is better, perhaps, that you should not know it."

Winthrop looked his astonishment at this strange speech.

"I really do not see how that can be, lady," he said, after a moment's pause. "I am sure that I shall never forget the service, nor your name, if once I hear it."

"I repeat that it is better that you should not know it," said the girl slowly.

"Why so?" demanded the young man; while on the face of Virginia was written strong curiosity to know the meaning of the girl's words.

"You think that you owe me gratitude," said the dark-hued maiden. "It is a pleasant thought for me to know that some one thinks well of me. If I tell you my name, perhaps the gratitude that you now think you owe will vanish, and in its place will come loathing."

"You speak in riddles," said Winthrop, unable to guess her meaning, but plainly seeing that some mystery was concealed in her words. "I do not see how the knowledge of your name will change my sentiments in any way whatsoever. I beseech you, tell me what it is. I can never forget the name of one who saved my life."

"And you, Virginia Treveling," said the girl, turning abruptly to the General's daughter. "Do you not know who I am?"

"No," replied Virginia, "but I should like very much to know, for I feel that, in part, I owe you my life, too."

"Blame yourself, then, if, after I have told you my name, you shrink from me, and gratitude dies in loathing. I am Kanawha Kate."

Virginia started, when the name fell upon her ears. The quick eye of Kate noticed the start. Winthrop did not manifest any emotion whatever. It was the first time that he had ever heard the name, and though he wondered somewhat at the strange appellation, still he saw nothing in it to alarm him in any way.

"You shrink from me," said Kate, with a bitter smile—she was referring to the almost unconscious start that Virginia had made when she heard the name. "You know who I am. You have heard evil tongues talk of me, and you are not so grateful now as you were a moment ago."

"Nay, you wrong me," said Virginia, gently. "In all my life I have never heard evil spoken of Kanawha Kate. I have heard you called wild and wayward—spoken of as one more like a boy than a girl—who liked to roam about the forest better than to sit at home. But when I heard the tongues of the settlers speak lightly of you, I have always remembered that you were an orphan—without mother or father—with no one to tell you what you should do."

"You are right. I have grown up like a weed, uncared for by all—there was great bitterness in the tone of the girl's voice—

"my only relative a renegade from his country and his race—a white Indian, far worse than the dusky savages. Why should I not be an outcast, despised by all, when my unhappy fate dooms me to such a life?"

"No, not despised by all," said Virginia, firmly. "I do not despise you; I love you—that is, if you will let me." And the girl placed her hand gently on the shoulder of the other.

"Oh, I thank you so much!" the words came in a half-sob from the lips of the forest-child.

"Let me be your sister. Come and see me at my home at the station. Few will be bold enough to say aught against the sister of Virginia Treveling." Proudly the young girl drew up her form as she uttered the words.

"Yes, and for want of a better, take me for your brother," said Winthrop, impulsively. "and the man who dares to breathe a word against you will have to face the muzzle of my rifle."

"It is many a long day since such kind words have fallen upon my ears," said Kate, sadly. "Perhaps I should not be so wild if my parents had lived. But, Miss Virginia, I will come and see you."

"Do, and I promise you a hearty welcome!" exclaimed Virginia.

"Oh, I will come!" cried Kate, her eyes gleaming.

"Good-by then," and the rescued girl turned to Winthrop. "If you are going to Point Pleasant I will be your guide, and I am sure that my father will be very glad to see you, particularly when he learns that you have saved the life of his only child."

Virginia embraced Kate heartily, and kissed her as if she had been a sister; Winthrop shook her warmly by the hand, and then the two, leaving the forest-maid standing by the body of the dead brute, retraced their way to the little trail that led to Point Pleasant.

Kate, leaning on her rifle, remained in a deep reverie, gazing absently upon their departing figures.

Winthrop found his horse exactly where he had left him. Passing the bridge over his arm, he walked by the side of Virginia toward the station.

"What a strange creature that girl is," he said, as they walked onward.

"Yes, I have often heard of her, though I have never happened to meet her before. The settlers tell a great many stories about her. They say that she can ride better than any man on the border. That she knows every foot of the country for miles around, even to the Indian villages on the other side of the Ohio. That, too, they say she is a splendid shot with the rifle, and can use the hunting-knife like a woodman."

"We can vouch for her skill in marksmanship," said Winthrop, and a half-shiver came over him when he thought of the huge bear with its fierce eyes and shining teeth.

"Yes; poor girl, she is a niece of the renegade, Simon Girty, and that, I think, makes the settlers dislike her—as if she should answer for the misdeeds of her wicked uncle!"

Virginia spoke with feeling; her face lighted up, and Winthrop thought that he had never looked upon a prettier maiden.

CHAPTER V.

VIRGINIA'S SUITOR.

In the best room of Treveling's house sat the old General and a young man, known as Clement Murdock. He was a relative of Treveling, and was much esteemed by the old General.

General Treveling was a man of fifty. Years had whitened the hair of the old soldier and bent the once stalwart form.

Murdock was some thirty years old—a dark, sallow-faced man with a piercing black eye and a haughty bearing.

The young man had just entered, and returning the General's cordial greeting, had taken a seat by his side.

"What's the news?" asked Treveling.

"Nothing particular, General," replied the other.

"Nothing fresh from the red-skins? It's about time for them to be on the war-path against us again."

"They have not forgotten the thrashing they got last year, I suppose," said the young man. "But, I want to speak with you on a subject which I have thought a great deal of lately."

The old General looked astonished at this beginning.

"Very well, what is it?" he asked.

"In regard to your daughter, Virginia, General," said Murdock, slowly. "I would like your permission to pay my addresses to her. I have long loved your daughter and I should like to make her my wife."

"Well, Clement, you know that you have my best wishes. There isn't a man in the settlement that I would rather give my child to. But, win her consent; that comes first, of course. If she is willing I shall not object."

The joy of Murdock plainly showed itself in his face.

"That is all I ask, General," he said, quickly. "I thought it but right that you should know my intentions first."

"Well, you have my good will, Clement," said the old soldier, and I do not doubt but that you will find favor in the eyes of Virginia. She will be home soon. She has gone for blackberries down the river."

And as the father spoke the door opened and Virginia entered, followed by the young adventurer, Harvey Winthrop.

"Oh, father, I have had such an escape," said the maiden, quickly; then she gave an account of her adventure in the forest with the bear.

"Why, sir, I owe you the life of my child!"

cried the General, earnestly, when the girl had finished her story. "How may I call your name?"

"Winthrop—Harvey Winthrop, an adventurer seeking his fortune on the border," replied the young man.

"You must drive your stakes with us, for a short time, at least, if we can not induce you to make Point Pleasant your permanent home," said the old soldier, heartily. "I am General Treveling, sir; this, my daughter, Virginia, and this gentleman a relative of ours, Clement Murdock."

Although Murdock shook hands in a friendly way with the stranger who had rescued his fair cousin from the bear, yet, in his heart, he wished him at the bottom of the Ohio. Was Clement afraid that the handsome stranger would interfere with his plans regarding the gentle Virginia?

Frankly—in the same spirit that it was given—Winthrop accepted the invitation of the old soldier. Perhaps, too, the thought that he should enjoy the society of the fair girl, whose life he had saved, had something to do with his ready acceptance of the hospitality of the old General.

Leaving her father and Winthrop engaged in busy conversation, Virginia withdrew into the inner room. Murdock, seizing the opportunity, followed. He had resolved to declare his passion at once. He had been an open and avowed lover of Virginia's for some time. In fact, all the settlers thought it would be a match. And Murdock, though he did not openly say that he was the accepted suitor of the General's daughter, yet by many a sly hint he contrived to impress all with that belief. So, one by one, his rivals for the girl's favor had withdrawn from the contest, and left the field clear to the scheming lover.

Yet now, even at the eleventh hour, when he had thought the hand of the girl was his beyond a doubt, this young stranger had stepped into the field, and that under such circumstances that the girl's gratitude if not her love must be surely his.

Murdock was sorely annoyed at the accident which had given the young man such a claim to the girl's esteem. He determined, however, to ask for the hand of the girl at once.

Virginia turned in some little astonishment when she discovered that she was followed by Clement.

He carefully closed the door behind him and approached the young girl.

"Virginia," he said, in his softest and smoothest tones, "I have long wished for an opportunity to tell you how much I love you. I have spoken to your father, and he approves my suit. Virginia, can you give me the priceless treasure of your love? Will you be my wife?"

The girl flushed to the temples at the words of Murdock. She had suspected that he sought her, but had carefully avoided leading him to think that she favored his suit. For, to tell the truth, the young girl did not love but rather feared him. There was a bad look in the fierce black eyes, and ugly lines about the sensual mouth, and these things she had noticed. In her heart Virginia thought that Murdock was far from being a good man.

"I am sorry, Mr. Murdock, that you have spoken in this way to me," said the girl, slowly, and with evident embarrassment. "It grieves me that I must pain you with a refusal. I can not accept the love that you offer."

Murdock started in anger, and the frown that knit his brows showed plainly his deep displeasure.

"Are you in earnest?" he asked, in amazement.

"Surely I am," replied the girl. She did not like the tone in which the question was put.

"Had you not better take time to think over the matter?" he said. "You may change your mind."

"That is not likely," she answered, coldly. "I can decide now as well as any time in the future. I feel that I can not love you."

"Do you love any one else?" he asked, quickly.

A faint flush came to the cheeks of the girl, which did not escape the jealous eyes of the rejected lover.

"You have no right to ask that question," she cried.

"Will you answer it?" he asked, harshly.

"No," she replied.

"No!" repeated Virginia, all the fire of her nature roused by the insolent manner of the man who stood lowering before her.

"You do not dare to answer it."

"It is no business of yours what my motive is," replied Virginia, proudly.

"You fancy yourself in love with some one. You can not deceive me. Let your lover look to himself. If you can not be my wife, I swear that you shall not be the wife of any other man. You are a beautiful girl, Virginia, but your beauty will be fatal to the mortal that dares to cross my path!"

Murdock spoke in heat, and the angry glare of a demon shot from his fierce black eyes.

"If I have a lover, he will be able to defend himself from the coward who only dares to threaten a woman." And with these words Virginia swept proudly from the room.

"By all the powers of darkness, I swear that I will find means to bend your haughty spirit, and on your knees you will be glad to ask my pardon for those proud words!" cried the baffled lover, his voice hoarse with rage.

Then he left the house by the back door and gained the street. He did not care to meet the eyes of the old General, for he readily guessed that his discomfiture would easily be perceived.

"Who can the lover be?" he mused, as he walked slowly down the street. "Can it be this young stranger who saved her from the bear in the ravine? It may be. I am sure that there isn't a lad on the border that is favored by her, for I have watched her closely. Is the prize then that I have toiled so to gain to be snatched from my hand by this adventurer? She must marry me, or—she must die! She is the only obstacle between me and the fortune of the old General. That fortune I am determined to have, and the silly caprice of a weak girl shall not keep me from it."

Stern and frowning was the brow of Clement Murdock as he strode along. Dark and gloomy thoughts were passing rapidly through his mind.

"The die is cast—I have decided," he muttered, as he walked onward. "First to find *who* this lover is, that has crossed my path—for that the girl has a lover or is in love with some one, I am certain. I marked the slight flush that crimsoned her cheek when I charged her with loving another; that blush revealed to me the truth. I have a rival, and a dangerous one, for she loves him. I must discover who it is. If this young adventurer is the man, let him look to himself, for the fortune that he comes to seek by the banks of the Ohio, may resolve itself into a grave in the forest with the gnat, gray wolves as mourners. True, the acquaintance is but a few hours old, but love comes at first sight, sometimes. The fortune of my relative shall be mine, either with Virginia or without her. I must find some willing tools to aid me, for I feel a presentiment that I shall have need of strong arms and reckless hearts, ere long."

Then the eyes of Murdock caught sight of a little group of settlers at the lower end of the station near the bank of the Kanawha.

"Hallo! what's the meaning of that, I wonder?" he exclaimed; "there's evidently some trouble afoot. Another Indian attack perhaps. I must see what it is." And he advanced to the group.

CHAPTER VI. ANOTHER VICTIM.

As Murdock approached the group, he saw that Colonel Boone and a strange hunter were in the center of the party.

Another strange face also met the eye of the newcomer. It was that of a man attired in the homespun dress of the emigrant. His hair was jet-black, and his skin tanned almost as dark as the hue of a red-skin. He stood on the outer edge of the group, leaning on a long rifle. The keen, dark eyes of this stranger had a restless look, and wandered continually about him.

Murdock felt sure, the moment he beheld the face of the stranger, that he had seen him before somewhere, but, for the life of him, he could not guess when or where. Slowly he drew nigh, keeping a wary eye upon the hunter-emigrant.

Boone had been telling the settlers the news imparted to him by the solitary hunter whom he had encountered in the forest in such a peculiar manner, and who was called Abe Lark.

"The Shawnees again on the war-path!" cried a stalwart settler, known as Jacob Jackson, and renowned as an Indian fighter.

As Boone had predicted, there were white faces among the settlers when they heard the terrible news.

"True as shootin'!" cried Boone, "an' comin' ag'in' us in bigger numbers than has ever been seen on the border since we licked 'em right hyer, in the 'Dummore war'."

A heavy frown came over the face of the stranger, who stood a little apart from the others, as Boone mentioned the battle of Point Pleasant. It was evident that the mention of that bloody fight brought back some unpleasant recollections to the mind of the stranger.

Murdock was watching the man closely, but he was careful not to betray to the stranger that he was being watched.

"Who leads the red-skins?" asked Jackson.

"Ke-ne-ha-ha," replied Boone.

"The man-that-walks!" said Jackson.

And at the name the faces of the whites grew serious. They knew full well that a better chieftain than the Shawnee never donned the war-paint, and that the whites had no abler or more deadly foe than Ke-ne-ha-ha.

"Thar'll be lightnin' all round then, for sure," said Jackson, in a tone of conviction. "We've got to fight dogged well to whip the Shawnees this time. Who fetched the news, kurnel?"

"This stranger, hyer," replied Boone, pointing to Abe Lark, who stood by his side.

"Glad to see you, stranger," said Jackson, tendering his huge paw and receiving a grip that made him wince with pain, muscular and hard as his horny palm was.

"Same to you, old boss," returned Lark, with a grin on his disfigured face at the expression of astonishment that came over the features of burly Jake Jackson, when he received the powerful squeeze of Lark's hand.

"Jerusalem!" muttered Jake, looking at his hand in amazement, "that's a reg'lar bar-bug an' no mistake."

"Wal, I reckon the man that gits a grip from me knows it," replied Lark.

"Well, 'bout this news. Are you sar-

tin, stranger, that the red devils are a-comin' ag'in' us?"

"If you don't hear the Shawnee war-whoop inside of ten days you kin jist chaw one of my fingers off, an' I don't keer which you take," replied Lark, with another grin.

"Then it will be fight, an' no mistake."

"You kin bet your moccasins on that, an' you'll lose 'em every time. The Shawnees have sworn to wipe out every white settlement along the Ohio. Thar'll be nigh onto ten thousand Injuns in the field. They are hot arter blood. You'll have to fight for your top-knots or lose 'em."

A bitter look was on the face of the dark-skinned stranger as he listened to the words of Lark.

"Curses on this meddling hunter!" he muttered between his teeth; "how could he have learned of Ke-ne-ha-ha's plan to surprise this station. Now, thanks to him, they'll be on their guard, and the Shawnees will have to fight for what scalps they take."

Not an expression on the face of this stranger was unnoticed by Murdock, who still watched him keenly, but with a puzzled look.

"Can it be possible that it is he?" Murdock mused. "Would he dare to venture here in the midst of his foes? To venture into the presence of the men, who, if they penetrated his disguise, would hang him up to the first tree without troubling either judge or jury? Yet, I am sure it is he, though his face is darkened by some means and his hair is black. He comes as a spy, probably. Ah!" and a brilliant thought occurred to the mind of Murdock. "Suppose I get him to aid my plans. He is in my power, if he be the man I think he is, for a single word uttered by my lips, and the settlers would almost tear him to pieces. I'll watch him closely." And with this resolution in his mind, Murdock did not remove his eyes from the stranger. The dark-skinned hunter was so occupied in watching the group of settlers and listening to their conversation that he did not notice that he in turn was watched.

"Well, neighbors," said Jake Jackson, after thinking for a moment, "if the Injuns are a-comin' we've got to fight 'em, an' I am ready for one."

"And I for another!" cried a loud, clear voice.

All turned to look at the speaker, who had approached unobserved. He was a tall, muscular fellow, dressed in the forest-garb of deer-skin.

"Sim Kenton, by the eternal!" cried Boone, taking him warmly by the hand.

It was indeed the famous scout, whose reputation as an Indian-fighter was second to none on the border.

"Glad to see you, Sim!" continued Boone, and the group of settlers eagerly echoed the welcome. "What's the news?"

"Thar's a thunder-storm a-comin'," replied the scout. "I spect from what I heerd, as I come up, that you know the Shawnees are on the war-path."

"Yes, yes!" cried a dozen voices.

"I've just come down from the Musk- ingum, whar I've been on a hunt, and not five miles from this hyer station, I come across a big Injun a-lyin' dead in the woods with a clean dig right through the skull. A powerful fellow he war, too; looked as if he might have given Old Nick himself a sharp tussle."

All wondered at the news brought by the scout. That a red-skin should be killed so near the station, and yet no one in the station know of it, was strange.

"What tribe was he? could you tell, Sim?" asked Boone.

"Shawnee," replied Kenton. "A big brave he was in the tribe, too. I knowed him well. He was called Watega."

The dark stranger, who had pressed forward eagerly to listen with the rest, could hardly prevent an oath escaping from his lips. This movement on his part did not escape the searching eyes of Murdock.

"I know the chief," said Boone; "he was one of the principal warriors of the tribe. A clean dig through the skull you say?"

"Yes; the man that made it must be a hurricane, for he split the Injun's head clean open."

"Who could have done it?" said Jackson, in wonder.

"That's what I'd like to know," said Kenton, with a puzzled air. "Thar ain't any man along the border, that I know of, that is powerful enough for to do it. Thar warn't any marks of a struggle neither. The Injun had been taken by surprise, an' settled with one blow. Why, it looks as if the devil himself had had a hand in it."

"Nothing but one clean dig, eh?" said Boone, reflectively.

"Nothing else," replied Kenton, "cept some knife-cuts on the breast, as if the slayer cut his totem thar, arter finishing the brute."

Boone gave a slight start—a start that was imitated by the dark-skinned stranger who was listening to the conversation so eagerly.

"And them marks—three knife-cuts, making a red arrow?" asked Boone.

"Right to an iota!" cried Kenton, astonished at the knowledge of the other.

"The Wolf Demon, by hooky!" exclaimed Boone, in a tone of wonder. And at the name of the dreaded foe of the Shawnee nation, the dark stranger shuddered.

"What in creation do you mean by the

Wolf Demon?" asked Kenton, who had never heard the story of the mysterious scourge of the Shawnees, which was well known to Boone.

Then the old hunter told the wondering crowd the story of the Wolf Demon. Told of the incomprehensible being in the shape of a gray huge wolf, but with the face of a man, who seemed to be an avenging angel destined to hunt down to his death any solitary Shawnee brave who strayed from his brethren in the forest.

Wonder-stricken, the stout borderers listened to the tale; deeply superstitious, they accepted the legend of the Indians without question; one and all were convinced that the Wolf Demon was, as the Shawnees asserted, proof against either steel or ball, and was no human, but a denizen of another world.

"Whar was the body?" asked Jackson.

"Just beyond a tree where some hunter had cut his name—Abe Lark," answered Kenton.

"Wal, we were nigh it this mornin'!" cried Abe, in astonishment.

The dark-skinned stranger, having apparently heard all he wanted, strolled leisurely away.

Murdock, convinced now that he was not mistaken as to the identity of the stranger, followed him slowly.

"Let this Wolf Demon come within range of my rifle, I'll quickly prove whether he is man or devil," said the unknown, as he walked onward. "Watega dead? That interferes with my plans, but, I can do without him, since it must be so." And with these strange words on his tongue, he was suddenly astonished by being hailed by Murdock.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 35.)

The Heart of Fire: OR, MOTHER vs. DAUGHTER. A REVELATION OF CHICAGO LIFE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "ACE OF SPADES," "SCARLET HAND,"
SYNOPSIS.

In this powerful and exciting tale of Chicago, the author has introduced several elements of rare interest. Thus:

Bertrand Tansor, a man of fine physique and good appearance, appears suddenly in Chicago, perfectly broke. He has been leading a life of crime, but his exploit being that of a leader of a band of robbers or "Road Agents," in the far West, from whence he was driven by the soldiers, and his band destroyed. He, to his astonishment, in stopping at a low tavern called the "Kankakee House," in Chicago, finds his wife, Lurie Tansor, whom he had not seen for fifteen years. She looks like a girl of fifteen, and so declares herself to be to old Captain Middough, who is infatuated with her youth and seeming innocence. Bertrand's reappearance is a sad blow to her dreams of a brilliant life as the wife of the wealthy old captain, and she tries, that first night of his stay in her father's tavern, to murder Tansor by the fumes of gas. But the wily ex-Road Agent is prepared for her, knowing her desperate nature, and learning from a poor hunchback waiting-boy called Rick—that a game Lurie is playing. This is y he takes in his employ, secretly, and through him learns all that passes in the tavern thereafter.

Lurie scorns the danger she is in and resolves to marry the Captain, having learned that, by law, her husband's long desertion absolves her from her bonds. But, the project is, seemingly, made possible by Bertrand's sailing away for Lake Superior. The steamer is burned, and his name appears on the passenger list as one of those lost. She, therefore, marries the Captain and moves into a grand house, a very queen of beauty, which she is.

There is in Chicago another woman—a girl of eighteen, who is a clerk in a little shop. Her name is Pearl. She is beloved by a very wealthy young man named Edmund Kelford, who, by a little ruse of having his intimate friend, Wirt Middough (a nephew of the old Captain), personate a drunken rowdy, rescues Pearl from the bogus drunkard's approaches, and sees her safely home. This he does night after night, until he declares his love; but Pearl, a girl of high sense of honor, refuses his offer, or holds it in abeyance. There is mystery about her origin, and she will not wed until it is cleared up and she knows who she is.

As the wife of Middough, senior, Lurie soon conceives a violent passion for Kelford, and throws out her artful net, to catch him in its meshes. Through the connivance of her maid, Aimee, she visits the shop where Pearl works, and sees her rival. She is somewhat startled, for the girl looks so much like Lurie's own mother that the face haunts her. But her infatuation for Kelford grows upon her until she resolves to have him at all hazards—looking to a divorce from the old captain as the avenue of escape.

CHAPTER XIX. A NEW PASSION.

For three days had Lurie Casper been the wife of Lemuel Middough.

The old man had kept his word. All that wealth could procure he lavished upon the young girl. He seemed to anticipate her wishes. He was proud, too, of his young bride, and was desirous that his friends should know what a treasure he had secured. So the three days had been spent in one round of visits. The old sailor despised the formal rules of society, and, with his girl wife, called upon his friends without ceremony.

All admired the blooming bride—so fair and fresh in her girlish loveliness.

All, too, wondered that she—a mere child as it were—should marry a man old enough to be her father. But, shrewdly, they guessed that the wealth of Lemuel Middough had something to do with the love that his young bride seemed to bear him.

Wirt Middough, living as he did in the same house, naturally was thrown much in the society of Lurie.

Wirt was not astonished when—at the breakfast-table—the next morning after the marriage, he was presented by his

uncle to the future mistress of the Middough household; but he was astonished at the appearance of the bride. He had expected that his uncle's wife would be some scheming adventress—some woman of the world, able and willing to cope with any fortune—one who had entrapped the old sailor into a marriage solely for his money; but lo! here was a young girl, apparently not out of her teens! A child in years, all youth, all loveliness, and all innocence.

Wirt was puzzled. He could not understand it.

"Why, in Heaven's name," he said to himself in wonder, "didn't I come across such a divine piece of womanhood as this Lurie? What on earth induced her to marry this grizzled, old, fresh-water sea-dog, when there are plenty of good-looking young men around? I wonder if the old man's bank account had any thing to do with it? I thought that the old horse-marine would get taken in and done for, but I'm blessed if he hasn't got the worth of his money."

All the facts in relation to his uncle's wife Wirt confided to Edmund Kelford; and he, anxious to see such a paragon of loveliness, called upon the old captain, in company with Wirt, and spent the whole afternoon there.

Kelford was as astonished as Wirt at the blooming beauty of the old sailor's wife.

He thought that he had never looked upon such a divine face before. It was more the beauty of an angel than that of a human.

"What do you think of her?" asked Wirt, after they had left the house and were leisurely strolling down-town.

"Well, I don't know exactly what to think of her," replied Kelford, thoughtfully.

"Don't you think that she is pretty?" Wirt said.

"Yes, more than pretty; she is beautiful," replied Kelford, in rapture—"very beautiful!"

"Hullo!" exclaimed Wirt, astonished; "that's going it pretty strong!"

"Ah! but she fully deserves such praise!" cried Kelford. "I think that hers is the most lovely face that I have ever seen."

"Prettier than Miss Pearl's?" asked Wirt, slyly.

Kelford's brow clouded up at the mention of the sewing-girl's name, and it was a moment or so before he replied.

"No," he said, at last, "I do not exactly mean that she is prettier than Pearl, although, at the first glance, almost any one would pronounce her to be. Her style of beauty is different from that of the other. This one impresses you on the instant. The first glance at her face, and you say, 'how beautiful!' With Pearl it is quite different. When you first look at her face, you say, 'she is pretty.' When you have seen her three or four times, you say she is 'very pretty.' And when you come to know her, to speak with her, you say, 'she is beautiful.' Little by little her face wins upon you. You commence by merely looking at her, and end by adoring her; while, with this one—"

"You begin by adoring her, eh?" said Wirt, laughing.

"Yes, that is the truth."

"Take care that you don't carry your admiration too far, for I don't doubt that the jolly old governor will be tolerably jealous of his child-wife; and, besides, there's Miss Pearl, the sworn idol of your heart."

A mournful smile came over Kelford's face at the joking remark of his friend.

Wirt noticed it.

"Why, what's the matter, old fellow? I haven't touched you in a tender place, have I? You and your lady-love haven't quarreled, I hope?"

"No."

"Well, what's the matter, then? How goes on your love affair, eh?"

"As the young count in the play of the 'Honey-moon' says: 'The best advancement I can boast of is that it goes not backward.'"

"That's bad."

"Yes, Wirt, the girl is a riddle that I can not understand. She acts as if she loves me, and yet her words give the lie to her actions. I almost despair of ever winning her." Kelford spoke seriously, and with quite a tinge of sorrow in his tone.

"Never say die!" cried Wirt, slapping his friend on the back, heartily. "Never give up the ship—*nil desperandum!* that's the motto to blazon on your flag! All women in this world can be won when the right man comes along. And I think that you are the right man for this girl."

"Well, I had hoped so," replied Kelford, quietly.

"Hope so still!" cried Wirt. "If she hasn't said 'no,' it's plain proof that some day she will say 'yes.' You can take my word for that."

"I confess that you encourage me."

"Of course. Just look at my uncle; see the prize that he has won in the marriage. Lurie seemed lost in thought. Her eyes were gazing out of the window, but they saw no object there.

"Young, rich and handsome," she murmured; "ah! why did he not come across my path? He would have been the husband to suit me. He is the first man that I have seen since Bertrand Tansor and I parted, years ago, that I felt that I could love. What am I talking about? I al-

most love him now! I have a rival, too. A poor girl. He must forget her and love me! But, how can he? Oh! I am bound in chains, golden ones, but still they are chains. But, if he can not be mine, he never shall be another's. He must—he shall forget this girl!"

"Loss of the 'Lake Bird'—the steamer burnt—only ten saved—*Evening Post!*" cried a newsboy on the avenue.

"The 'Lake Bird' lost! and Bertrand Tansor was on that boat!" cried Lurie, as she threw up the window and called the boy.

She tossed him a five-cent piece and eagerly seized the paper, then closed the window.

"Oh! that the fire and the water have accomplished what I failed to do—his death!" she cried, with a fierce joy, riage lottery! That ought to encourage you."

"She is a beautiful creature," said Kelford, with a sigh. "It's a great pity that I can't find one like her to make my life happy."

"If you had only seen her first, I'm afraid that the worthy navigator wouldn't have stood the ghost of a show. She seemed to take quite a fancy to you this afternoon. She seldom talks much, but she said more to you this afternoon than she ever did to any one else since I've known her."

"Which has been for the remarkably long time of three days," said Kelford, dryly.

"That's very true," replied Wirt; "but I tell you, I kept my eyes on her pretty closely during that time."

"I don't doubt it," said Kelford, with a meaning smile.

"Oh, hang it! I ain't in love with her!" cried Wirt; "and you needn't insinuate so. But really—joking aside—I think she has taken quite a fancy to you."

"Do you think so?" asked Kelford, absently; yet, as he spoke, there came a feeling of joy in his heart. Perhaps it sprang from the vanity innate in all men's natures. It is but human that they should wish to inspire love in the breasts of the other sex, even when they know that that love is folly.

"Yes, I do indeed," Wirt replied, "and I really believe that it is my duty to caution the old gentleman upon the subject. Why, we shall have an elopement some fine morning; then all the outside barbarians will be gloating over it with big head-lines: 'Another Chicago Scandal—ten minutes for Divorces,' etc."

"There's no fear of that."

And the two friends, laughing, pursued their way down the street.

We will now visit the palace of the sailor, for it was a palace, though situated in one of the cities of our republic.

Seated in a low arm-chair by the win-

dow was Lurie, now the wife of Lemuel Middough.

She was richly attired in lustrous silk, the color of which was the pure blue of the vaulted heavens above.

Lurie had wondrous taste. She knew well what suited her blue eyes, golden hair and waxy cheeks.

If the girl had looked pretty before, when in a plain dress, and surrounded by the dark, dingy walls of the Kankakee House, she looked divinely beautiful now, as she sat in the embrace of the cushioned arm-chair. The last dying rays of the sun poured in through the curtained window and flooded the room with its golden rays. They played upon the queenly little head of Lurie, kissing the curling locks, and encircling the head with a halo of light like those that played around the brows of the saints of the olden time.

Lurie was playing listlessly with the silken cord of the window curtain, her eyes wandering carelessly out of the window upon the broad avenue before her.

One person alone besides Lurie was in the apartment.

It was Lurie's maid. A dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, some two-and-twenty years old. A girl with a rather pretty face, but marred by the look of evil temper that was so plainly apparent there. She was called Aimee Cardon. She was of French extraction. Formerly she had been in the employ of Mrs. Kelford, Edmund's aunt.

The girl stood leaning on the back of an arm-chair, at a respectful distance from her mistress.

"And you lived in the family of Mr. Kelford?" said Lurie.

The conversation had been in reference to the young man who had but a few minutes before departed.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the girl.

"Is Mr. Kelford married?" Lurie asked, carelessly, as if merely by way of keeping up the conversation rather than from any interest in the subject.

"No, ma'am, not yet."

"Not yet? Is he engaged then?"

"No, ma'am, not exactly."

"I don't understand."

"I will tell you, ma'am. It's a secret," said the girl, mysteriously. "I heard Mr. Kelford and Mr. Wirt Middough talking about it one day. Mr. Kelford is in love with a poor girl who sews for her living in a dressmaker's shop on Clark street. He is desperately in love with her, and wants to make her his wife."

"And will she not consent?" asked Lurie, in wonder. Having sold herself for gold, she was astonished that any other girl should hesitate to do the same thing.

"Not yet, ma'am."

"She must be a fool, then," said Lurlie, contemptuously. "Is she pretty?"

"That's just as people think. I heard Mr. Wirt say she was."

"What is her name?"

"Pearl Cudlipp."

"An odd name."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Mr. Kelford is very rich, isn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am; he has more money than he knows what to do with," replied the girl.

"You may go, Aimée," said Lurlie; "I shall not want you till after supper."

The girl left the room.

CHAPTER XX. LURLIE'S SCHEME.

EAGERLY she looked at the newspaper. It contained a brief account of the destruction of the propeller *Lake Bird* by fire, just above Glen Arbor. Ten only of those on board of the ill-fated steamer had succeeded in escaping the wreck.

With intense interest Lurlie read over the list of the names of those that had escaped. The name of Bertrand Tasnor was not in the list.

A cry of joy came from her lips.

"At last, then, I am free!" she exclaimed. "Bertrand Tasnor was the only being in all this world that I feared, and now he is dead—swallowed up by the waves. The only obstacle in my path is removed. Now I breathe freely!"

For a minute or so she paced up and down the sumptuous parlor, as if unable to remain quiet.

"I must see this girl who has infatuated this handsome Kelford!" she cried, suddenly, pausing in her walk. "Can she be as pretty as I am? Will she take the pains to win his love that I will? No; I am sure that she will not. Kelford must love me, even if a hard fortune prevents me from ever being his. But if I can win his love—and I have very little doubt of that—there may be a way to break these chains that bind me to this old man. Oh! how I hate him!" she cried, fiercely. "I did not actually hate him until this young and handsome fellow came in my way. He is such a gentleman, too—one both by birth and breeding. Oh! if I could be his wife, instead of the mate of this old man! I begin to shrink now from my husband's caresses. I thought that, for the sake of wealth and splendor, I could bear any thing, but I find I can not. The human passions are still in my breast, and I can not conquer them. Now that Bertrand Tasnor is dead, there is no one else in this world that can make me tremble. I must see this girl—see what she is like. My rival! And she laughed bitterly at the thought. "She must be a bold and daring woman that attempts to rival me. But how can I see her?" For a moment she mused over this difficult question.

"I know!" she cried, at last; "this girl, Aimée—she may be able to tell me something more in relation to the affair—tell me something that will aid me in my endeavor."

The entrance of her husband put an end to her musings.

"Well, little one, all alone, eh?" he said, advancing to her with outstretched arms.

"Yes," she said, in the soft, loving voice that had so won upon the old man's heart.

Carelessly the old sailor patted the little head with its wealth of golden ringlets.

"Ah! you are the dearest little woman in all the world. Are you happy as my wife, eh?" and he looked fondly into the depths of the lustrous blue eyes that were raised so confidently to his.

"Yes; do I not seem to be happy?" she asked.

"Of course," he replied. "I'm an old fool to ask such a question. I have given you every thing in the world that money could buy. If there is a wish of yours ungratified, let me know it, and I will try to remedy the want."

"There is nothing," she said, and laid her head down gently upon his broad breast as she spoke. The falsehood came like truth from her lips, and the old man believed her. He little guessed that, even when her head was pillowed on his breast, and his hands were twined caressingly in her silken locks, another face than his was before her eyes—that another image filled her heart. He said truly that he had given her all that money could buy, but he had not given that for which her heart craved and which no money could buy, the passionate, fiery love of youth.

Then, as he parted the golden curls of the head, he saw on the scalp the great white scar of a fearful wound. The scar was fully four inches long. The blow must have been a terrible one to have left such a mark.

"Why, pet," said the old man, fondly, "you have had a terrible wound on your head."

Lurlie started at the words as though she had been bitten by a snake. The color left her cheeks, and a look of deadly pain came over her face. The old man did not notice how much she was agitated, although he felt the slight form he held within his arms tremble violently.

"What is the matter?" he asked, soothingly.

"Nothing," she answered, recovering from her emotion. "I am foolish to give way to my fears. But, as you spoke, I

seemed to feel the same pain that I felt when the wound was inflicted."

"What caused it?" he asked.

"In the darkness, going down-stairs, I slipped and fell from the top to the bottom, striking my head against a corner of the wall; that made the wound," she answered, slowly.

"Poor child!" he said, patting the little head.

The old sailor was no surgeon, or a single glance would have told him that the wound from which came the scar was never produced by contact with the angle of a wall. But the explanation satisfied him, and he spoke no more of it.

In a short time the supper-bell rang. Supper over, Lurlie excused herself under the plea of a headache, and sought her room.

There she found her waiting-maid, Aimée.

Lurlie commenced a conversation, her intent being to finally lead it to the subject nearest her heart—the love of Edmund Kelford for the sewing-girl, Pearl Cudlipp.

Suddenly, as if she had guessed her mistress's intention, Aimée spoke of Edmund Kelford.

"Don't you think it strange, ma'am," she said, "that a gentleman with all the money that Mr. Kelford has should fall in love with a poor girl?"

"Yes, it is strange," Lurlie replied; "but perhaps she is very pretty."

"No, she isn't what I call beautiful," said the girl, turning up her nose most decidedly. "She's only got one pretty thing about her."

"And what is that?" Lurlie asked, with curiosity.

"Her eyes."

"Her eyes?"

"Yes; she has very pretty eyes. They are very large, gray eyes. They have a strange look in them; I can't describe them very well, but they look like a river when the wind blows over it—they seem to move all the time."

"I suppose what people would call lustrous eyes," said Lurlie, looking full into the girl's face.

"Oh, ma'am!" cried the girl, suddenly. "Well, what is it?" asked Lurlie, somewhat astonished at the girl's manner.

"Why, your eyes, ma'am—"

"What of them?"

"They are just like her eyes!"

"Like hers?" said Lurlie, amazed.

"Yes, exactly alike; only hers are gray, and yours are blue, but they have the same expression."

"That is strange."

"Yes, it is," repeated the girl.

"When did you see this girl?"

"It was only a little while ago. You see, ma'am, when I heard Mr. Wirt and Mr. Kelford talking about the girl, and Mr. Kelford saying how well he loved her, and how much he wanted to marry her, though she was only a poor girl, I thought that I would like to see her, and see what she looked like. So, as I heard Mr. Wirt speak about the shop being on Clark street, near Madison, I thought I would be able to find it. One day I went on purpose. I found it just as easy as could be. I went in and bought some thread, and I asked the young lady if her name wasn't Pearl?"

"I said that a friend of mine recommended me to the store where she served."

"And you did not think that she was beautiful?" Lurlie asked.

"No, ma'am," replied the girl; "except the eyes. She has pretty eyes."

"Is she tall or short?"

"Tall, ma'am, I think—I don't remember exactly. But I'm sure that she's not short."

"Light or dark hair?"

"Dark, ma'am."

For a few moments Lurlie did not speak, but sat buried in silence. The girl watched her covertly.

"Do you know, Aimée, that you have excited my curiosity by speaking about this girl?" she said, suddenly. "I can not understand how Mr. Kelford, who seems to be a gentleman of great taste, can fall in love with a girl that is not beautiful."

"And as poor as poverty, too, ma'am," cried the girl, quickly.

"That does not make so much difference, Aimée," said Lurlie, a little bit of scorn perceptible in the corners of her mouth as she spoke. "Let a man get infatuated with a woman's pretty face, and he will not be apt to ask whether she is rich or poor; that is, I mean, such a man as Mr. Kelford, who has money enough already."

"That's very true, ma'am," observed the girl.

"There must be something about her to attract him, for he is very far from being a fool."

"Perhaps he thinks she is pretty; there's no accounting for tastes, you know, ma'am. She's a perfect lady; that I will say for her, but she ain't what I call pretty."

"I should really like to see her," said Lurlie, as if the idea had just come into her mind.

"Nothing easier, ma'am."

"How so?"

"Why, just put on your hat and cloak and come with me. We can go to the store just as if we were going to buy something, or we can buy some little thing, and then you'll have a chance to take a good look at her and no one the wiser."

"But, how can we get there?" Lurlie asked.

"Cross over to State street and take a car right down-town to Madison street, then we can walk up to Clark. It's only a few blocks, ma'am."

Aimée spoke as though she thought Lurlie to be a perfect stranger in Chicago, and so, indeed, she considered her, as did everybody else.

On bringing home his bride, the old man had told every one that he had caught a country girl, and no one of the aristocratic circle on Michigan avenue with whom she mingled, guessed that the honored and courted wife of the wealthy Captain Middough was the daughter of Kankakee Joe, of Wells street. Oh! how the silk and broad cloth would have shrunk from her side if they had known the truth! Even the gold of the old sailor would hardly have sufficed to cover up the shame of the Sailor Boarding-house.

"I've half a mind to go," said Lurlie, as if undecided.

"Oh, do go, ma'am. It will be such fun!" cried the girl.

"Very well; I will go, but my husband may miss me."

"We'll be back in an hour! He won't be likely to come up-stairs before two."

"Get me a dark dress, and my hat and cloak—the plainest I have."

The old man had provided his young bride with a bountiful wardrobe.

Lurlie was soon dressed and ready for the nocturnal expedition.

The two descended the stairs, opened the front door and gained the street without notice. Then they proceeded rapidly in the direction of State street, Aimée, the maid, leading the way.

CHAPTER XXI. THE RIVALS.

HARDLY had the two girls turned into the cross street leading from the avenue, when two dark forms crossed over from the other side of Michigan avenue and followed them.

Apparently the two had been watching the house of the old captain, but, for what purpose it would not be easy to guess.

The girls hurried onward, unconscious of the two following them so stealthily. They reached State street, got on a car that happened to be passing just at the minute, and thus proceeded down-town.

The two dark forms also boarded the car—they getting on the front platform as if they shunned recognition.

At Madison street Lurlie and her companion got out. The two on the front platform followed, still keeping well out of sight of the two girls.

Lurlie, guided by the maid—although in truth she knew the way as well as the other—went down Madison street and then turned into Clark. A few steps on and they came to the dressmaker's shop kept by Mrs. Jones, and wherein the sewing-girl, Pearl Cudlipp, worked.

"This is the place, ma'am," said the maid, as they stopped before the window of the little shop.

"Do you see the girl?" Lurlie asked.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Aimée, peering through the window; "there she is behind the counter. Wouldn't you like to go in, then you can see exactly what she looks like?"

"Yes, I will go in," Lurlie replied.

"You can buy something, you know, ma'am—a spool of thread, or any thing like that. Then you'll have a chance to have a good look at her."

"Come, then," and Lurlie entered the store, followed by her maid.

The two who had followed them had crossed over to the other side of the street, and there, sheltered by a convenient doorway, watched the two girls narrowly.

"What the devil can she want here?" muttered the taller of the two, who seemed a giant in size compared to his pigmy companion.

"Praps she wants some thread or a paper of pins," said the other, who was no other than Rick, the hunchback.

"It isn't very likely that she would take the trouble to come way down here after a trifle. Lurlie is not a woman to take the trouble of this night expedition without a motive for it, and a strong one too. I'll find out what it is, in time."

"She's going in," said Rick, who had never taken his eyes off of the two on the other side of the street.

"Yes," replied his tall companion, who, with his coat-collar turned up and a slouch hat drawn down over his eyes, would have puzzled anyone to have made out what he looked like.

"There is no mistake about it, Rick; she's married to the old captain. I saw the marriage notice in yesterday's *Tri-dune*," the tall one said, thoughtfully.

"I guessed that they were a-going in to get married when I followed 'em that night to the minister's house. And when the driver told me that it was a preacher's house, I felt sure of it."

"You're a smart lad, Rick; only keep your eyes about you, and your wits sharp, and I'll make your fortune in a year or so," said the disguised stranger, and then he added to himself, "or else send you to the State-prison, or to the gallows! My tools are like the master that uses them, unlucky!"

Just then a newsboy came along, crying his papers:

"Here's the *Evening Post*—loss of the 'Lake Bird'—only ten saved!"

"What's that?" cried the tall man, as the words of the boy fell upon his ears.

"'Lake Bird' lost?" cried Rick.

"Why, that's the very propeller—"

"—that Bertrand Tasnor sailed in for Mackinaw," cried the stranger, completing the sentence.

"Yes," said Rick, with a grin.

"Ten saved, eh? I wonder if Bertrand was among the rescued ones? I wager all I have in the world—and that isn't much—that his name don't appear in the list of those that escaped."

"I should wonder," said Rick with another grin.

"I must see." Then the stranger bought a paper, and stepping out into the circle of light that came from a neighboring window, ran his eye down the list of the names of those that had escaped from the wreck.

"Just as I thought!" cried the stranger, after looking over the list carefully. "There's no such name here as Bertrand Tasnor. Therefore, as Bertrand Tasnor sailed in the 'Lake Bird,' Bertrand Tasnor about this time must be at the bottom of Lake Michigan. Poor devil—he always was unlucky!" and the man laughed bitterly as he spoke. Rick retorted the laugh.

"How this woman will rejoice when she learns that the man she hates so fiercely is dead—out of her way forever! How she will bless the fire and the water, the two deadly enemies that seem to have combined expressly to do her will and kill the man that she feared. She must see this news. It will take a load from her heart. She has nothing to fear, now that Bertrand is dead, so she will think, but the arm of Captain Death—as the miners called him—is a long one, and it may strike her even from the tomb."

Rick listened attentively while the other was speaking. The words were loud enough for the boy to hear, though the speaker was communing with himself.

"Oh, she knows that he went in the 'Lake Bird,'" said Rick, adopting the idea of the man, which pleased the odd humor of the hunchback, "cos I told her so, and she seemed tickled about it."

"Yes, and that moment of joy will be seasoned by many a one, of sorrow," said the man, coolly, but there was a fierceness in his tone that boded no good to the wife of Lemuel Middough.

Leaving the two watchers on the corner, they will cross the street and follow Lurlie and her maid into the little shop.

"Have you Coates' thread, No. 60?" asked Lurlie, of Pearl, who came forward to wait upon the customers.

"Yes, miss," said Pearl, taking down the box that held the thread, and displaying the contents before her customers.

There was something in the tones of the girl's voice that sounded strangely familiar to Lurlie's ears. Vainly she puzzled her brains to remember; she could not, despite all her efforts.

"Can it be possible that I have met this girl somewhere before?" she mused. "Her face, too, is familiar. It seems as if I had seen it somewhere. I can not understand it; I can not remember. It seems like a dream."

Lurlie paid for her thread; then Aimée took up considerable time in selecting some collars and cuffs, asking Pearl's advice in regard to the matter—advice which the young girl freely gave. And all this time, Lurlie watched Pearl intently, and tried to think where she had seen or met her before, or if not her, some one that looked like her.

"What do you think of her, ma'am?" asked Aimée, the moment they were outside of the little shop.

Aimée at last was suited, paid for her purchases and the two left the store.

"I think that she is pretty, though perhaps she can not strictly be called beautiful."

"That's what I say!" cried the waiting-maid, in triumph. "She ain't beautiful a bit, and what Mr. Kelford can see in her, I can't see."

"Where can I have seen her before?" murmured Lurlie, half to herself and half aloud.

"Why, did you ever see her before, ma'am?" asked the girl, in wonder.

"That is what I can not tell," said Lurlie, in doubt. "Her face is very familiar to me; I feel sure that I have seen her somewhere in the past, yet I can not guess where or when."

"That is strange, ma'am."

"Very strange, for I never forget a face."

"Maybe you have seen some one that looks like her?" suggested the girl.

"That is possible, yet I can not remember who it was, or where."

"Well, she looks just like you, about the eyes, though hers are a different color," said the waiting-maid.

"Ah!" cried Lurlie, sharply, and she stopped suddenly in her walk and put her hand to her heart, as if struck with a sudden pain.

"What's the matter, ma'am?" cried the girl, in alarm.

Lurlie's face was as white as the face of a corpse. Even her lips were bloodless, and the glassy stare of her eyes was terrible to look upon.

Aimée quickly put her arm around the waist of her mistress. She thought that Lurlie was about to faint.

"What is the matter, ma'am?" The maid began to be frightened.

"Nothing," said Lurlie, hoarsely, and

striving to cast off the deathlike chill that hung around her heart.

"Why, you look sick—deathly sick, ma'am!" cried the girl.

"It is nothing—I am better now," said Lurlie, with a great effort. "It was only a sudden pain in my heart; I am subject to them at times. Let us go on."

And with a slow step they walked onward.

Aimée saw plainly that her mistress still was suffering, though not so keenly as at the moment of the shock.

"I know now what that girl's face reminds me of," Lurlie said, after they had walked on a little way in silence.

"You do?" cried the girl, in wonder.

"Yes."

"Then you have seen some one that she looks like?"

"Yes; my mother," Lurlie answered, slowly.

"Your mother!" said Aimée, in wonder.

"Yes, my mother," repeated Lurlie.

"Is she living, ma'am?"

"No; she died when I was only ten years old. This girl is almost the very image of her, except that my mother's hair was lighter, and her eyes were a grayish-blue, instead of being pure gray like the eyes of this girl."

"Was that what made you feel sick, ma'am?" asked the girl, inquiringly.

"Yes, I suppose so," Lurlie replied. "It flashed upon me, all in an instant. Then at once I understood why the face of this girl affected me so strangely."

"But, don't you think it strange that Mr. Kelford should fall in love with her?" asked the girl.

"Yes, but strange things happen in this world," Lurlie responded.

The two retracing their steps to State street, there took a car and proceeded uptown.

They had been followed closely by Rick and the stranger, who had watched them from the opposite corner. As before, they rode on the platform forward, so that Lurlie would not be apt to see them.

Lurlie and the girl left the car at the cross-street. Again the two watchers followed.

The door of the Middough mansion received the two girls and hid them from sight.

"So, that is the nest where my game has found shelter!" cried the tall stranger.

"To-morrow, Miss Lurlie, now Mrs. Captain Middough, will be honored by a call from me. We need money, Rick, and yonder woman must find it!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 30.)

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THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

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Contributors and Correspondents.

Can not use poem, FALLING LEAVES.—POEMS, POOR EXCUSE AND YESTERDAY AND TODAY. We will lay aside for use.—Ditto, poem LOVE LETTER.—Can not use sketch, ADVENTURES WITH BANDIT.—Ditto, ANGLING FOR A CHINAMAN. MS. returned. Author should know that it is "against the law" to write communications on his manuscript. That note subjects the MS. to full letter postage.—Ditto, JAKE SLOPE'S COURTING.—We return poem MAD.—Ditto, JENNIE DURWENT'S ANSWER.—Can not use A GENTLE SKETCH, and return MS. as not addressed envelope. We wish all correspondents to be as thoughtful.—Can make no use of poem, FARMER'S BRIDE. It is quite crude. No stamps.—Ditto, LILY'S PROPOSAL. No stamps.—To the two sketches, RAG PICKER'S BOX AND HUNTER'S DEATH, we will have to say nay. They are subject to the writer's call.—Can use DWARF'S STRATAGEM.—Will have to pass to the rejected list, MARY DEVON'S GUEST; HEART NOT HAND; THE THREE DUELS; EXCEPTED LOVE; MISS MINGIE THE MILLINER; CATAPULTS; A LIFE DOWER; TEN TO ONE HE WINS; AN EXPRESS IN HASTE; THE BOY LOVER; ECCE CANO, etc., etc.

A lady contributor writes: "Do not consider me bold and forward, but, *boarding round* is not, at best, 'inviting to thoughts supreme'; and, though Baxter's Saints' Rest, Robinson Crusoe,

Watts' Hymns, History of the Rebellion and Farmer's Almanac, are all very well in their way, one is apt to become somewhat rusty with no other companionship. Hence," etc., etc. We can sympathize with our correspondent. We have *boarded around*, and if civilized society has a more effective martyrdom for a young and aspiring soul, we don't know what it can be. Jersey alone of all the States, we believe, still retains the humiliating and disgusting practice of making its school-teachers "board around"—a clear proof that the State is yet open for a few missionaries.

DELLA G. asks if it is true that any artist in New York gets a hundred dollars for painting a portrait. Yes. Gray gets five hundred, Hicks six hundred; Elliott had a thousand; Eastman Johnston has received ten thousand dollars for a family group of thirteen. Numerous artists obtain sitters at two hundred and fifty dollars each—if they can!

JOHN G. B. asks for a good work on fishing. About the best work we ever tried was to sit all day in the hot sun, on a six-inch log, waiting for a cat-fish bite, which never came. If Johnny wants to learn how to catch fish, let him try it.

MISS SETH HOTCHKISS asks us for the very best style of cloaks for winter wear. Write to some man "in the trade." We know less of cloaks than the goose who is picked knows what its feathers are used for.

"Can't you tell me why Queen Elizabeth never married?" asks a lady correspondent in Lafayette, Indiana. We can. First, she was *freckled*, and no sane man would marry a freckled woman. Second, she was *red-headed*—enough reason for abstinence in bans. Third, she always would "wear the breeches," and that no man worth marrying would submit to. Fourth, she had a lover, Essex, and murdered him. Fifth, she swore dreadfully, and that is never graceful in a queen. Sixth, she drank sack to excess, at times, and a drunken wife—bah!

Foolscap Papers.

Housekeeping.

GIRLS: I wish to give you a few hints on housekeeping.

Housekeeping is very easy, requires no study, and the less you know about it the better you can do it, as everybody is aware; but the best way is to manage it so as to have the least work and the most play.

Some people think that it is necessary to learn the practical part of it while you are young, so that when you get old you may depart from it. There never was a greater mistake. The theory of successful housekeeping I will give you in one easy lesson; never mind the practice.

If you marry, and have a house to keep, you are lucky.

Sweep the house whenever you feel like it; it is no sweep at all if there isn't an inch of dust on every thing. Put on kid gloves, and sprinkle your carpets; make the dust fly.

When your husband comes home, he will expect his meals ready, but it won't matter with you if you are two or three hours behindhand.

Work harder to make your husband think you are a good housekeeper; than you do to keep house.

If your biscuit don't rise, give the miller all he deserves.

A nightly party given will go far for keeping your husband in a subdued state of mind.

Put not your affections upon things earthly, but upon bonnets heavenly, and don't make the morning fires; my wife makes ours, but you have no idea how I hate to see her, so I turn round and go to sleep again.

Arrange your parlor with an eye to the picturesque. Put the coal-scuttle on the piano; the blacking-brush and blacking in your card basket. Hang your dish-rags on the chandelier, and a few skillets around the walls to lend enchantment to the scene, and have a great, big, fashionable, overgrown, good-for-nothing pup, to lie on the rug and catch the sparks which fly out, and to furnish the family fies.

Practice economy, and if it brings you too much to eat, throw the surplus out the back door.

Learn to love your husbands; try to, anyway. If he wants coffee, be sure and make nothing but tea.

If your bread is sad, and he feels the same way over it, console him by telling him that you feel so, too.

If his words wax strong over your weak coffee, tell him you told it to be good, and it wouldn't do it.

If your steak is raw, tell him it was a raw morning on which you fried it.

If the stewed apples don't suit him, tell him you want none of his sauce.

In washing the dishes, it is best not to soil your fingers with the water. Put on your kid gloves, take a pair of pinches to hold the plates, and wash and wipe them with a cloth fastened on the end of a stick. You'll find this very handy. You may break two or three plates every meal this way, but it is much better than breaking them all.

Take the mice out of the cream tenderly, and the flies out of the coffee carefully.

Brush the crumbs off the table onto the floor.

Put off washing clothes till the last minute, then put on a wash-dress, roll up your sleeves, gather up all the dirty clothes, and, actuated by the spirit of industry, put them all in the corner and cover them up until next week.

Wait till cold weather to do your ironing, if they won't iron themselves.

Don't disturb the spiders; they are useful in catching flies; and have plenty of roaches, so that your husband may use them in roaching his hair.

Be sure that you show more knowledge of the plot of the last novel than of the plot of the garden.

Many industrious reputations have been

made by always saying to the neighbors: "I am actually tired to death," when you have only been asleep.

Be always cheerful—make as much fun as you can of your husband. Give him lots of advice.

Be noble; work good out of ill, and the buttermilk out of the butter.

Exercise a good deal at the piano, and spank the children frequently.

Let grace exhibit itself in all that you do, whether you are scrubbing the floor, or pulling your husband's ears.

Don't try to follow the fashions, but outdress your neighbor's wife, if you can.

If you are systematic, you will show it as well when you are making soap, as when you are making faces.

Do the best you can, and have your husband do the same.

My wife subscribes to this advice.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

The Wood Queen.—Such is the exceedingly beautiful, half-wild Forest Child, which like fitful gleams of sunlight and clouds of shadow, pass through the enticing chapters of Mr. Aiken's captivating romance of the Kanawha—"The Wolf Demon." She is a half-woman—half-girl, of most peculiar qualities and attributes.

HUMAN HUMBUGS.

I DON'T imagine I can name one-tenth part of these nondescript animals in the space allowed me, but I will do my best to ventilate a few, and commence with the babe that you are expected to praise and call a beauty, even if it be as ugly as Satan—the babe that you must hold in order to see "how much the dear creature weighs." I love the cunning little things when they don't make a handkerchief of my best dress, or poke my eyes out in order to find out what they are made of. When I fix my hair up (I don't wear a chignon, as I am not desirous of having my head made an insect-nest of), I don't like to have baby pull it, though its mother does think it's "so cute" for baby to notice every thing in such a manner. As for a crying baby—that is an abomination and a nuisance that should be abated, but when women get their rights, I suppose all this will be attended to. Having stayed for a few weeks with acquaintances who had been married a year, and who were so wrapped up in the little pledge of their affection as to treat me as a nonentity, and not as a writer for the SATURDAY JOURNAL, I have come to the conclusion that a baby will head my list of human humbugs.

Humbug No. 2 advances in the shape of a lad of about seven years of age, who can gabble off ten chapters of the Bible (without understanding one word of its sense); can add up whole rows of figures, and can tell you all the geographical locations of the country, and then will look up in your face as much as to say—"Ain't I smart?" Poor little dear! there will be brain fever marked on your tombstone ere a great while.

What shall we say for Humbug No. 3? Persons who are always unfortunate, and being too lazy to work, are always borrowing small sums of money. There are people who seem to think that, when all else fails, they can either write a story for the papers, a drama for the theater, or keep a school. What a precious set of ninnies and humbugs, not to know that it requires education to write for the press (mine, however, is an exceptional case!) and how on earth can you keep school if you know nothing yourself?

Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you know (although I sincerely trust that you do not) of a certain class of humbugs who will enter your sanctum, make themselves freely at home in your best arm-chair, have a rare treat in looking over your exchanges, and when they fail to draw you into a long conversation, actually tell you how they would conduct your paper if they had the charge of its editorial management! I've seen these kinds of humbugs, and I'd sooner encounter a snake.

Then comes the angular-looking female, with her bushel of tresses, and pesters you for money to relieve some heathen colony in Senegambia, and who appears to have a deluge of tears to show you that she is sincere in her feelings for her poor benighted brothers and sisters who are wallowing in darkness and desolation. Perhaps you give her a ten-cent script to get rid of her, and you wonder why she pulls that poor little beggar-child out of the way, and comes out of the confectionery store with ten cents' worth of candy. I tell you, there's humbuggery there!

How about those ministers and professors of religion who won't go to a theater, but think it no harm to witness a theatrical exhibition in a museum, or attend a circus? If these are not human humbugs, then the trimmings to my new dress are not green silk!

In the same catalogue may be placed those who will not look at a novel, but glory in reading the sickening details of a murder, or the hanging of the murderer.

Not far removed are they who look up on a woman with contempt because she is an "old maid," and then prate about the "glorious freedom of a bachelor's life." Let me tell you that it's better to be an old maid than a slavish wife!

But the most despicable humbug that ever lived is he who robs another of his writings and palms them off as his own, and when you accuse him of his theft, he will make you think he is an injured inno-

cent, and have some plausible excuse at hand.

There! I've closed my homily, and feel relieved. Perhaps the reader does the same, but, if he does, remember that "present company is always excepted," although you are inclined to think that the greatest of human humbugs is EVE LAWLESS.

"Abe Lark" is an odd but exceedingly truthful creation. The forest ranger—the acute and sagacious Indian trailer—the man of courage invincible—the shrewdly inventive Yankee—the friend of the border—all are embodied in this true Wilderness Knight.—See Mr. Aiken's Story of Stories!

OLD MAIDS.

I HAVE no sympathy whatever with the outcry raised against old maids. It seems to me that in America, if nowhere else, a woman should have the privilege of living in maidenhood without having the whole world, figuratively speaking, in her hair.

But there are more Christian (?) people in the world than most persons are aware. They love their neighbors so well they attend to their business in preference to their own. If Miss Jones don't get married, they know why. It isn't because she doesn't want to—no, indeed! but because she never had an offer.

How do they know she never had one? Why, easily enough! If she had, she would have accepted it! Who ever heard of a woman who lived single from choice? No one; the idea is absurd! When the world is full of irresistible creatures in broadcloth and patent-leathers, you may be sure they would have one of them if they could!

The world is not worth minding. But it can not be very pleasant to be always spoken of as an "old maid"—sneeringly, as if the fact of your being one was positive proof you were nobody—to be always described as long-nosed, and angular, and cross. Always cross! Girls, if you want to be good-natured, I advise you to get a man! It is a certain preventive to crossness.

These things appear like trifles, but trifles make our happiness or misery. I know there are women to whom the unkind remarks made by the world concerning their celibacy must be as barbed arrows. To make such remarks is mean—it is disgraceful—and, worse than all the rest, they are made by women more frequently than by men. And this brings to my mind a problem I have worked in vain to solve, namely? Why are women the most implacable foes a woman has? I leave it to the learned professors of moral ethics to answer.

So disagreeable is the position of an unmarried woman above the age of thirty, that many women marry very indifferent—and worse than indifferent—men, merely to escape the dreaded chance of being an "old maid." They will accept the first offer, fearing they will not receive another one. It is weak-minded in the extreme, and the motive is wholly inadequate to excuse them, but this does not alter the facts.

It vexes me to hear remarks made concerning old maids. I always defend them—sometimes at the expense of my politeness—and I shall continue to do so as long as I can wield pen or wag tongue! They are the very salt of the earth, and ten thousand times more worthy of honor than the woman who marries a living illustration of the doctrine of total depravity, merely to escape the stigma attached to old maidenhood.

I expect that, twenty-five years from now, I shall have a personal interest in this subject, but I hope that the world will be so reformed in this respect, by that time, that I need not have all my bones broken on the sharp corners of its ill-natured remarks!

LETTIE ARTLEY IRONS.

KIND WORDS.

KIND words are to the heart what odor is to the senses: a blessing and a balm. They turn away wrath—not alone; but sadness, and melancholy, and suffering disappear at their gentle sound, and the world is all the brighter. How changed would all things seem if no angered words were spoken! How every face would bear the imprint of Heaven, and every heart leap to love and trust! The blessed millennium promised by Scripture can easily be realized if we turn all the care from the world, and implant within each breast the seeds of good will and kindness. And if, in so great a degree, kind words leaven and sweeten life; in a lesser but no less sure degree they leaven the heart of each individual being, and render the soul a living millennium. How, then, should we try to cultivate kindness! and how constantly should kind words lay upon our lips!

TO OUR READERS.

We give, in their proper places, synopses of the several serials now running in the SATURDAY JOURNAL. This is not our usual custom, but is done, in this instance, to enable our very large accession of new readers to make a good start with us and our writers. The great increase which has followed each issue introducing a new serial of our STAR CONTRIBUTORS, and the heavy advance orders on the present number growing out of the interest excited in Mr. Aiken's GREAT INDIAN AND FOREST LOVE-ROMANCE, renders certain an unusual advance in our circulation. For the benefit of these new guests we give the synopses.

"WHO WAS HE?"

Few readers having read this popular work, we now give it in popular form. All who have read it, will peruse it again with renewed pleasure.

PENITENCE.

BY ALICE GARY.

Oh, I am sick of what I am! Of all Which I in life can ever hope to be; Angels of light, be pitiful to me— Build your white wings about me like a wall, And save me from the thought of what has been, In days and years I have no pleasure in.

Disabled, stalled in habit's deep-worn rut, My labor is a vain and empty strife— A useless tugging at the wheels of life After the vital tendons all are cut: I have no plea, no argument to make— Only your love can save me for love's sake.

The evil I have done I do deplore, And give my praise to whom it doth belong For each good deed that seemeth out of wrong An accidental step, and nothing more, Treasure for heavenly investment meant, I, like a thriftless prodigal, have spent.

I am not in the favor of men's eyes, Nor am I skilled immortal stuff to weave; No rose of honor wear I on my sleeve, To cheer the gloom when that my body lies, An unrigged hulk, to rot upon death's ford— The crew of mutinous senses overboard.

What shall I bring Thy anger to efface, Great Lord! The flowers along the summer brooks

In bashful silence praise Thee with sweet looks, But I, alas! am poor in beauty's grace, And am undone—lost utterly, unless My faults Thou burlest in Thy tenderness.

Swamped by a Devil-Fish.

BY CHARLES H. DANA.

OF all the denizens of the great deep with which I have come in contact, or in fact seen, the *devil-fish* is, by far, the most terrible, and at the same time disgusting in appearance.

They are an inhabitant of our Southern waters, being more frequently seen along the Carolina and Florida coasts than anywhere else, and here they sometimes grow to an enormous size. When wounded they will attack with the utmost fury, and from their large size and great strength, are capable of doing much damage to small boats and the like.

During the spring of 1859, in company with a party of gentlemen, while fishing from an open boat one afternoon off the western or Gulf coast of Florida, I was fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to come in contact with one of these monsters.

Our "catch" during the day had been very large, and consequently our boat, crowded in the first instance, was almost gunnel under, and required the utmost care in moving about to prevent a capsize.

Our attention was suddenly diverted from the sport by the cries of a little darky perched in the bow of the craft, who had been brought along to "string the fish," and upon inquiry into the cause of the rumpus, found that he had, the moment before, caught sight of some large object that had apparently dived beneath our boat.

While endeavoring to gain some knowledge as to its appearance, the *thing* slowly rose to the surface, just beyond reach of the oars, and our host at once proclaimed it a devil-fish.

Preparation was at once made to capture the fish, and for the purpose a large shark-look, to which was attached a heavy line, was baited and thrown out to where it lay just beneath the surface.

For several minutes the monster seemed disinclined to take hold, but suddenly, with a rush that sent the liquid element flying high in air, he swooped down on the tempting morsel and bolted it much as a bass takes the minnow.

The line instantly straightened and we thought the fellow was off for a race, but we were immediately made aware that such was, in reality, his intention.

"Hold on! here he comes!" shouted Mr. R—, our host, as he seized a long-handled "gig" that lay along the thwart, to use as a lance, and almost before we were conscious of danger, the boat was struck fairly amidships with a jar that tumbled us all of a heap among the fish.

As I scrambled to my feet, I saw Mr. R— deal the fish a savage blow with the gig, a three-pronged iron affair, which was instantly wrenched out of his hand, and left sticking in the enemy's back as he slowly retreated, evidently with the intention of making another charge.

One of the party had seized the only other weapon of defense we had, a heavy ducking gun that had been brought by the merest chance, and stood ready to deliver right and left, as the emergency might require. The opportunity was not long wanting, for the *devilish* thing again bore down upon us like a thunderbolt.

I heard the heavy crack of the gun about the same instant that the crashing of timbers told me that this time the boat had gone up.

So it was, and the next moment we were floundering amid the wreck, of oars, broken planking, dead fish, etc.—every fellow striking out in a separate direction, any way, anywhere, to get a safe distance from that horrid thing.

The voice of R— recalled our scattered wits, and caused us to make back, where alongside the wrecked boat, now rolling bottom upward, we found the dead body of our enemy, his ugly head torn to atoms by the heavy charges of double B's that our fortunate marksman had sent through it.

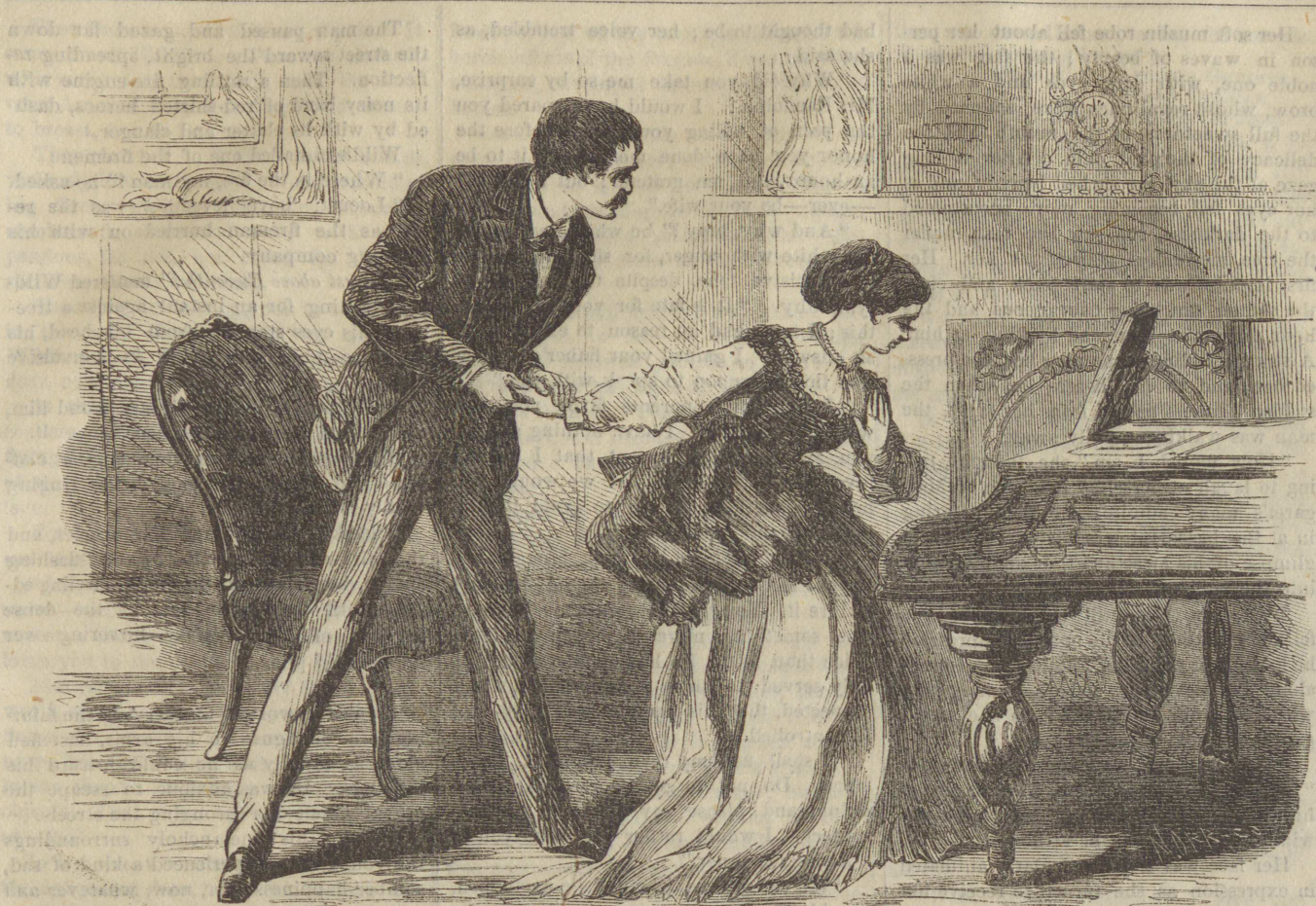
It seems he fired just about the time the fish struck us, perhaps a little before, but the momentum gained was sufficient to cause the damage I have related.

After clinging to the wreck for something more than an hour, we were picked up by a boat from shore, some of the plantation negroes having chanced to see our predicament.

I have since seen devil-fish on two occasions, but to neither did I offer the slightest indignity.

READERS who read to enjoy, must be greatly pleased with the Sketches of the ever-fresh CAPTAIN MAYNE REID. He is giving us some of the best things he ever wrote—which is saying much, considering what a fame the Captain has.

In the exquisite romance, "The Broken Betrothal," we have what to most readers will be a great surprise. To those to whom it is not such it will be as welcome as a guest whose face is ever a source of delight.



"I FEEL IT TO BE AN HONOR, AND AM GRATEFUL; BUT CAN NOT—EVER—BE YOUR WIFE!"

Maud Arnold's Trials: OR, THE BROKEN BETROTHAL.

BY MRS. M. V. VICTOR.
AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD LETTER," "FIGURE EIGHT,"
"WHO OWNED THE JEWELS," ETC.

CHAPTER I. THE GREAT FAILURE.

As the ferry-boat Colden moved out of her slip at the foot of Cortlandt street, at ten o'clock of a night in January, a few winters ago, her pilot was compelled to extra vigilance, for the river was full of floating ice. Two boats of the company already were laid up with broken machinery. Trips were, therefore, made with some irregularity, and much more time was consumed in crossing than when the way was clear. The night was cold, but not stormy, and many of the passengers remained on the decks to watch the glitter and to listen to the crash of the ice. Among these was a young man who leaned over the railing, apparently absorbed in the turmoil beneath him. There was that in the creaking and groaning, the crushing of the drifting masses, and the sullen wash of the waters in keeping with his own mood. The whole world was as chilling and repulsive as that river, to one who was usually full of courage and energy. Ward Tunnecliffe had received two wounds straight in the breast, and on the same day—wounds hard for a proud man to recover from—one dealt at his heart by the woman he loved, and the other at his honor by his partner in business. The firm of Tunnecliffe & Bowen, bankers, was to fail on the morrow, and in such a manner as to cast discredit on its transactions. There was to be ruin, not only of fortune, but of good name. For this, his brother-in-law, John Bowen, was sorely to blame; but he was a wily man, and Ward knew that all which looked suspiciously bad in the conduct of the firm, would be thrown upon himself.

Burdened with anxiety, he had gone, this evening, to find solace in the presence of his betrothed, as well as to break to her the news of the approaching disaster. He had dreaded this. Indeed, it was the bitterest portion of his trouble, to think that he must grieve and disappoint her, probably defer their union, and cast the first shadow over her girlish brightness. Yet, he had trusted her strength of character as he trusted his own, and would have staked his life on her fidelity. What, then, was his dismay, his astonishment, and more than pain, when, in response to his familiar ring and knock, the servant had announced to him that Miss Arnold was confined to her room by a headache, and would receive no visitors, but had ordered this to be given him if he called—a note—which, as he opened it beneath the hall-lamp, he had found to read:

"MR. TUNNECLIFFE—I desire you to consider our acquaintance at an end. I am ill this afternoon, or I would give you a personal explanation, for I am no coward. If you demand it, it shall be given in a few days."
"MAUD ARNOLD."

The envelope also contained the engagement ring. This note was now crushed against the young man's heart. He felt the ring hurting him, as he leaned over the railing. He had left the house with a blank, lost feeling, thinking that he could not return to his sister's, where he boarded, that he should choke if he shut himself up in his room; and so had walked on and on for miles until he found himself in front of his office in Wall street. The sight of its barred windows was hateful to him, and he had turned away, dimly remembering that he had to see a gentleman in Newark, early in the next day—why not go out there to-night?

So here he was on the ferry-boat, looking into the rush of foam, ice and green water, trying to collect his senses and to become accustomed to his misery. All the honey of his nature turned into gall as he brooded over the conduct of his brother-in-law—"smooth, oily rascal," he called him in his thoughts—and of the girl to whom he had only been engaged three brief weeks, but who already had grown to be the best part of his life. The great wheel of the boat turned slowly round in the groaning ice and his brain turned with it. There was a spot of fire over his heart where the ring pressed against it, but the rest of his body was numb and cold. He had always been a man of strong passions, affectionate but jealous, noble but hasty in conclusions; and now the good died down in him, and the bad rose up and wrestled for the mastery. He did not know that he resolved upon any thing, or wished for any thing, only the wheel of the Colden seemed turning in his

brain, which creaked and grew dark and threw out spokes of electric fire. "The boat would only get to shore!" he dreamed that he should be safe; but his progress was slow, and his brain whirled round with a pain that was unbearable.

The boat was but a little way from the Jersey City slip, and the most of the passengers had left the stern of the boat to go forward, when suddenly the pilot shouted out: "Man overboard!"

The next instant there was a rush to the after-deck, the powerful machinery was checked as quickly as possible, while some brave fellows had off their coats and boots, holding themselves ready to peril their own lives to rescue this which had been thrown away. But the ice, the foam, the darkness and cold were against them; there was not a glimpse of the object which went down beneath the drift to rise no more.

It was a clear case of suicide. One or two others, besides the pilot, had seen the man jump overboard. No one, however, knew him, or could describe him, there being no light on deck. He had come out of the gentlemen's cabin, at the time deserted, bareheaded, walked quickly to the chains, stepped over and leaped into the river.

As soon as it was quite certain that nothing could be done to aid the unhappy man, the crowd pressed into the cabin to see what discoveries were there to be made. Upon a seat, near the door, lay an overcoat and hat.

"Here! here's his clothes," cried one, catching up the first garment. "Why need a man kill himself with a coat like that?" The poor fellow who made this remark was shivering in his own thin clothes. Doubtless, physical want was the only kind of suffering which appealed to his sympathies.

"The latest style," murmured an awe-stricken youth behind him.

"Here's a handkerchief."

"And here's his name in his hat, Ward Tunnecliffe."

"The same's on this here hankercher."

"Impossible!" cried some one, in a startled voice. "Why, that's Bowen's brother-in-law. They are bankers, doing well, too. I saw Tunnecliffe in his office to-day. I do believe that this is his hat."

Incredulity, consternation, pity, vulgar curiosity, were written upon men's faces, and whispered in their voices. One gentleman had learned that Tunnecliffe & Bowen were going by the board—something dubious about it, too—was afraid their transactions would not bear daylight.

"A hard way to get out of the scrape."

"Don't believe it. It's simply absurd—one of the finest young men in New York."

"But what did he make way with himself for then?" and so on, a babel of comment and bewilderment, until the arrival of the boat compelled the dispersal of the crowd.

The next day New York had the pleasure of a sensation. The failure of Tunnecliffe & Bowen is not yet forgotten in some of its business and social circles. Although the event dates but a very few years back, dishonesty in the conduct of big moneyed affairs was not quite so fashionable as at present.

It seems that the firm had gone aside from its legitimate banking operations into the most daring stock speculations, using the money of depositors in such a manner as, in case of ill-success, to defraud them out of it, while it did not lay the firm open to criminal prosecution. Some of this stock-gambling was of a very reckless character. The firm had also given out a check for forty thousand dollars, to be drawn the day of their failure, upon a city bank in which it had no money deposited. Doubtless it hoped to raise and pay in the money before the bank closed, the previous day; but it had got in such straits as to make this impossible, and three o'clock had found it doomed. It was under the pressure of this unexpected disaster that Ward had flown to his affianced for counsel and sympathy. He knew, only too well, that her father would be one of the heaviest losers; and that Mr. Arnold was a gentleman of the old commercial school, whose ideas of honor in business were of the strictest kind, and who could not tolerate the system upon which the firm had operated. To Maud, and Maud alone, he had intended to confide the fact, that all outside speculations had been conducted by his brother-in-law, against his own convictions of prudence, and in defiance of his advice; and that the last most desperate ventures had been made during his, Ward's, absence from town during a few days of the past week. He had arrived home at noon of that day, only to have Bowen demand of him to raise the forty thousand dollars before the close of banking hours, confessing the predicament in which he had placed the firm. Angry and astounded, he had hurried out to make the most earnest exertions, and

to fall in them. He saw ruin coming, and felt, from his recent knowledge of his character, that his smooth, suave relative would contrive to slip the weight of dishonor upon his shoulders who was entirely innocent. Going thus, in the first flush of his trouble to her whose fate he thought bound with his, and being repulsed as he had been, it was not strange that a sort of madness had come upon the young man.

The ruin came, in the worst form. The morning and evening papers had each their share of the news—in the morning, the painful rumor of the suicide of young Tunnecliffe; in the evening, the failure of the firm, with hints of the nature of its transactions as affording a clue to the rash deed.

The indignation of those who suffered loss was tempered with awe at the summary punishment, self-inflicted, by one of the sinners. Even those who lost most heavily could not deny that they had always liked and respected Tunnecliffe; and they wished, most heartily, that he had not thus rashly thrown himself beyond their forgiveness and his own redemption.

Succeeding days confirmed the worst rumors. The firm had failed in a very disgraceful manner. Some of the losers would have dealt with John Bowen in a summary way; but he, bowed down with grief and regret, was in such deep affliction at loss of his brother-in-law, while yet he made so apparent that the dead man had been the only guilty party, that compassion began to take the place of wrath. Before a week had fled there were those who spoke of setting him on his feet again.

If Ward Tunnecliffe, before committing the fatal act, could have, with a seer's eye, perused the newspapers for the month succeeding his death, their contents would have deterred him from any such rashness. Were his spirit, in its present abode, cognizant of the comments made in public and private, by friend and foe, it must have suffered a great change from its earthly nature, if it did not chafe with a terrible vexation. It seemed as if every event of his life was dragged into view, besides deeds attributed to him to which he had no claim—even as the river was dragged for his body, and his friends summoned several times to witness dreadful, disfigured corpses which were not his for his body was never found. Not that these comments were unfavorable—generally he was spoken of with pity, and his general character admired, while his first great fault was condemned, yet palliated. But to the proud and reticent this very pity is galling; then, too, his sister's name did not escape some public remark; her unbridled extravagance, the style of her living, and her influence upon the firm, were two or three times very plainly referred to.

One fact, however, did entirely escape the Argus-eyes of gossip—the engagement between the young gentleman and Miss Arnold. As we have said, it had been secretly entered into, and at the time of the catastrophe, was known only to Maud's parents, and Mr. and Mrs. Bowen.

Upon one heart only lay the horrible consciousness that the world at large knew not the true motive of the suicide.

CHAPTER II.

SOME OF ITS CONSEQUENCES.

There was another person who broke all the little heart she had in a wild burst of remorse and sorrow, when the news came to her, coupled with the knowledge of her husband's failure in business. It seemed too much for one empty, foolish little brain to bear, and for a time the attendants upon Mrs. Bowen were afraid that her reason would give way, as her wild shrieks filled the air, alternating with bursts of hysterical laughter.

Susie Tunnecliffe had been her brother's pet and idol from her cradle. He had been father, mother, and all to her, since the death of their parents when she was twelve years of age. Not knowing what else to do with her, he had sent her to the finest boarding-school to be found, and she had come out of it stylish, pretty, "perfectly charming." He was as proud of her as he was fond; he felt that she was vain, and a little selfish, but that was because she had no mother to extirpate these weeds from her character. That she should be absorbingly fond of dress, setting more value upon a new ornament than upon any other gift he could make her, he set down to her being a woman. For Ward was one of those men, himself a hard worker, earnest in his purposes, of keen intellect, who set aside every thing feminine at one fell swoop, as useless and charming. At least such had been his impressions until he met the young girl who taught him that somewhere in his breast had slumbered a far loftier ideal of woman.

The brother, then, had taken it as a matter of course, that Susie should be idle and exacting, insatiable in her pretty requests

for pocket-money, and only capable of exertion when a ball was in prospect, or some other girl to be outshone. Fair as a lily, petite, with bright, innocent blue eyes, and glistening locks of the most lovely pale-gold hair, no one could dream of any thing worldly or selfish about such a sprite or scraph. To Ward she always appeared as a gay child, even after her marriage. Yet, fairly-like as she was, she was the essence of worldliness, from her passion for chocolate bon-bons to her affection for her brother and husband who always supplied her so generously.

She was a suitable wife for John Bowen. He was hard, plausible and ambitious, wanting a wife to be vain of, who should excite envy and spend to advantage the money he was quite willing to give her, provided he knew where to get it. Ward had never esteemed his brother-in-law as a friend or companion, their minds being of a different stamp, but he had respected his sagacity in business and believed him an honorable man. And so, perhaps, he had been, at the start. But let a man once begin gambling on Wall street, and have a pretty wife at home to make the most brilliant uses of a splendid income; let him see others doubling and redoubling their thousands in a month, and their wives and daughters moving into broader stone-fronts and going of tetter to Tiffany's, and let himself have a taste for a ten-thousand-dollar horse and a quiet trot in the park at three o'clock of a fine afternoon, and the risks will grow greater and less prudent, until it seems but a small matter more when honor comes at last to go with the rest.

There had been some high words at the dinner-table of the Bowens the afternoon preceding the failure. When the dread hour of closing had arrived without the forty thousand dollars having been raised, the two gentlemen, each of them pale and silent, had entered the carriage waiting for them, with sensations quite different from those with which they usually viewed the handsome establishment, with its coal-black horses, silver trappings, and sable, white-gloved coachman. Neither had spoken on the homeward way; but when the long dinner hour had dragged itself by, with course after course of costly dishes, and Mrs. Bowen looking so happy and well-dressed, presiding over the dainty dessert, had come to the coffee, Bowen had dismissed the servants with a gesture, and spoke up, with forced gaiety: "Don't starve yourself to death, Ward. You haven't tasted a mouthful. At least, have a cup of coffee. I tell you we must begin again. We are young men yet; and I mean, in a year from now, to be as prosperous as ever."

"I hope you're not sick, Ward," chimed in Mrs. Bowen, "for I know Maud expects you at the Academy to-night. And I want you to see me in my new dress—it arrived this morning by the Persia. There isn't one like it in New York." She had been chattering all through dinner, about the promenade at the Academy that night, and her wonderful dress, while her companions had not the courage to check her. Seeing that Bowen said nothing, she was playing un- easily with his fork, Ward burst forth with the indignation which had been growing within him, ever since morning.

"Why don't you tell her, John, if you're a man, what she has got to expect? You will go to no ball this night, Susie—and never again, if you have the pride of a Tunnecliffe. We are beggars—and worse than that, let me tell you! I don't care for the beggary, but I do care for the dishonor. To-morrow the names of Tunnecliffe and Bowen will be *disgraced*. You will have creditors pawing over your new clothes and your jewels, Susie, and carrying off your silver forks before your eyes, in less than a week. But that is *nothing*. John has disgraced us, sister; he has done business as no honest man would have done it."

"That is false," retorted suave John Bowen, growing a little white, but not further resenting the words. "We are both in the same boat, Ward, and I'm no more to blame than you are. I expected you would bring the money to-day. I had every reason to expect it. I think you might have broken the news a little more gently to Susie—she's not strong."

Ward glanced pityingly at his sister's frightened face, the lips quivering like those of a child about to cry.

"I should never have placed her in such a position, John Bowen. If I had known you for the scoundrel you are, I would never have given her to you."

With that, poor little Susie had sprung up and stamped her foot on the floor, her blue eyes flashing with a fire they were quite capable of, when she was angry.

"You shall not speak so of John, before me, if you are my brother. I don't know what either of you are talking of; but if there's any one to blame about any thing, I shall think it is *you*, Ward. I wish you would leave my house, sir, talking in this shameful way about beggars and failure. What does it all mean, John?"

It means, Madame Bowen, that our firm fails to-morrow—a bad failure, too—I'm afraid every thing must go."

He said this with his usual selfish coolness; he did not feel a tithe of the sympathy with the distress and surprise of his wife, that her brother did; but she, with her usual meaningless way, turning upon some one, unable to distinguish friend from foe, again gave battle to Ward.

"And you dare to come and tell me this, Ward Tunnecliffe. It's your fault, I know it is. John has often told me that you did not know as much as a child about business, and now you've dragged us down, too. I'll never forgive you."

"I don't want you to forgive me, sister; but you are a woman, now, capable of bearing a little truth, and I'll tell you this, before I go, which I ought to have said sooner. You have your full share in the responsibility and the crime. A woman who thinks of nothing but outshining her friends—who regards husband and brother only in the light of money-getters—who hounds them on, constantly, in the chase for wealth, ignoring every thing that ought to be sacred—crying always, like the leech, 'give! give!' can not be held guiltless, when her husband loses his rectitude, gives up his honor in the mad race. You will now enjoy the fruits of your folly. I warn you both that I will not be blamed by either of you, for this disaster. Thank God, there is a woman in this world, whose soul is not sold to the devil of display. I will see what she says about it."

As he paused, Ward snatched up his hat, which he had worn into the dining-room in his excitement, and went out, as we know, to seek an interview with Maud Arnold—and that was the last his sister saw of him. It was not a pleasant parting to hold in remembrance as the final one.

There had been another scene between the husband and wife, after Ward's exit, in which he took all her reproaches and hysterics with that soothing, imperturbable manner, which finally had the effect to quiet her down, so that she went to her chamber in quite a resigned mood. But here a sight met her eyes which brought home to her very soul all that that dreadful word—failure—meant. It was not a look into the crib where her only child was sleeping, a boy of two years, who was named after her brother, and who lay smiling in his infantile dreams—it was not this which moved her. There, upon the great French bed, spread out to display every fold of its beauty, lay the newly-arrived dress from Paris—an emerald-green moire-antique, trimmed with point-lace, and to be worn with a set of shimmering pearls—a costume which would have made a very sea-sprite out of its fair owner, with her delicate complexion and pale-gold hair.

Not to wear a toilette like this was misery indeed! and Mrs. Bowen felt it so, as she burst anew into tears. But we will not mock the poor little lady. As she had been educated, so she was; and the trial which the morrow brought to her, was of a character to enlist real sympathy. For a time, the wing of the butterfly drooped. In that great shock of death, in that trembling waiting for some tidings of the corpse, in that remorse for the unkind words which had been the last to him, her brother, so kind to her always, so handsome, so much better than other men, she was miserable enough. She took comfort in her black dress, and was glad to get all the baubles which were not hers out of sight. They gave up their house, furniture and carriage, and Mr. Bowen hurried his wife off to visit some relatives in a neighboring city.

He did not wish to be disturbed by any grief or complaint of hers; he was bent upon retrieving his fortunes. As for any sense of dishonor, which would so have tortured some men, it rolled off his sleek mind like water off a duck's back. He faced his fellows boldly, regretted, in undertones, the reckless way his brother had managed affairs, and took hold with such energy of new enterprises, that even those who had suffered by him were ready to lend him a helping hand. But there was ever present with him a shadow he would have given much to banish—the ghost of one whom he had driven out of the world, and whom he was still wronging by inundo, every day of his life. Had he known that another conscience shared this blame with him, it would have been some relief; yet it shows the nature of the man, that, while he often started and shivered as at some unseen touch, he could not refrain from taking advantage of Ward's inability to defend himself, by casting the dishonor upon him.

CHAPTER III.

A MAN OF ANOTHER TYPE.

The same winter of the failure of Tunnecliffe & Bowen, perhaps a month later in the season, a workman, by the name of David Duncan, presented himself at the immense cabinet manufactory of Smith & Burdel, situated near the East River, in the extreme upper part of the city, and asked for employment. He had no references—in fact, he said that he had just come over, though he had observed a piece of work done by his own hands, in their show rooms on Broadway. The inlaid work of the beautiful writing-desk which they had purchased at the late sale of the effects of John Bowen, had been done by himself in Paris, where Mrs. Bowen had obtained it. He had recognized it the moment he saw it. The superintendent, very glad indeed to obtain such a workman, yet eyed the applicant with curiosity if not suspicion; he was different in manner and words, from the majority who applied—a tall, athletic-looking fellow, with plenty of dark hair and beard growing unshorn about his face, with an air quite different from that of an artisan, and with a brown complexion which spoke of a warm climate than of a rough life. His piercing eye met his employer's on equal terms; there was something peculiar about him, and yet he inspired confidence, for he seemed afraid of nothing, even a refusal.

"Your name is Scotch?" remarked the overseer.

"It is; but I am an American, as I should think you might see. However, I have wandered about a good deal. I learned my trade in Paris. I was thought there, to have uncommon skill. I like the work, and try to do my best, to please my own taste. I make most of my own designs in mosaic work; I have some with me now."

He produced a roll of papers, showing some exquisite designs for small pieces of ornamental furniture, novel in their shape and beautiful in the detail of the work.

"If I do superior work, I shall expect a good price."

"There will be no quarrel about that," said the overseer, who had made up his mind that no other shop should have a chance to secure this desirable person.

David Duncan was employed at excellent wages, to do the most delicate and costly work. There was a crowd of artisans in the great manufactory, and dozens engaged upon that particular branch in which Duncan excelled; he worked in a room with several others, except a little closet which he had to himself, where he was accustomed to finish off some of his finest pieces. He was on good terms with all his fellows, but hated with none. They liked him, yet were afraid of him; there was a fire in his eye and a latent power in his quiet manner, which warned them not to provoke him; his satire was such as they did not like to cope with, quite different from their own coarse wit. It was all because he had been over the world so much they thought. Sometimes they called him a tinker, on account of his wandering propensities, and rallied him on being a Frenchman because he wore a glittering ring on his little finger. Such jests he bore with good-nature; he was patient with them, too, in instructing them in any superior manner of working which he had acquired abroad, and he would tell them amusing stories, which were entertaining, without being vulgar. They liked him, though they got angry with him for refusing to associate with them outside the shop. The more he excited their envy and curiosity the more they were determined to pry into his past life; they asked him if he had left a wife in a foreign country, if he had any children, where he hid himself of nights, etc.

"You all know my boarding-place, boys," he said to them. "It's respectable, I believe. If any of you like to come to see me there, I shall be glad to see you."

Some of them did go to his quiet lodgings, where they always found him either reading



or at work upon some little article, which he made and sold, at good prices, to dealers in fancy articles.

"You'll get rich, if you work evenings and spend nothing. You don't even seem to smoke a pipe, or have any fun."

"I enjoy myself in my own way," replied David, and as it was a way with which they had not much sympathy, they presently let him alone, which was just what he desired.

Quiet and excellent as the general tenor of his life seemed to be, there were irregularities in the habits of David Duncan which gave the good widow with whom he boarded, much uneasiness. He was sometimes out very late at night, long after the places of amusement were closed. As the weeks rolled on into spring, and toward summer, these absences became more frequent. She was much puzzled as to what it could be which was getting the young man into this bad habit—his breath never smelled of liquor, he never betrayed the flush or lassitude of dissipation, was always up and ready for his early breakfast, showing no other signs of his late hours than a little paleness and a moroseness quite frightful to the timid woman.

"Whatever he may be about, there's suthin' on his mind, I know. He gets thinner every day, I'm sartin, though he lets his hair and beard grow so wild a person can't tell whether he's thin or not. It's an outlandish way; but I s'pose he learned it in furin parts. He'll be down sick one of these days, with that trouble on his mind, and if he does it will be the last of him, for he's one of the kind that don't break easy, but go all at once when they do," she mused.

Duncan would have been surprised had he heard this prediction. He was not aware how the slow fever which preyed upon him was wasting his vital energies; he only felt restless and strong, unable to keep quiet, with occasional times of dullness, when a novel weakness would come over him.

Night after night, until finally it came to be almost every night, he would leave the house soon after supper, take a car down to about Twentieth street, then disembark, and begin his evening's employment. He was playing the part of a spy; whether in his own interest or that of another person, it is certain that one who little suspected it was under his surveillance. A young Baltimorean was stopping at the New York Hotel. He had been boarding there since early in the previous winter; his name was Reginald Mugby Randolph; like all southern gentlemen he belonged to one of the first families; his mother was a Mugby, his father was a Randolph; the latter was one of the leading lawyers in Baltimore, and owned large plantations in that State, and also in the far south, being as wealthy as he was aristocratic.

With such antecedents, and plenty of pocket-money, young Randolph had come to New York to spend a season before settling down in his native city as a partner with his father. Of course he was much noticed and a favored guest in many of our best houses. Small, slender, with insignificant features and a sallow complexion, there was not much in his personal appearance to recommend him, while his mind was well-fitted to his body. He had been pushed through college, and his manners were unexceptionable, except a slight touch of insolence inseparable from his bringing-up; he had a tolerable ear for music, and could criticise an opera; was a judge of horses and wines, and deferential in his manner to those women who happened to be beautiful and stylish.

These accomplishments about exhausted his capacity. Our delicate belles thought him a darling and their mothers did not dispute the belief.

It was this gentleman whom the cabinet-maker had under his espionage. He knew, almost to a dot, how many thousand young Randolph had lost in betting and gambling; he knew where he spent his evenings and his nights, to what lady he sent the most numerous bouquets, what were his peccadilloes, and his worst vices, and finally, upon what plan he had set his heart. It was known to all who were interested in either party that Mr. Randolph was paying his attention to Miss Arnold; and, as the spring rolled by, and he still lingered, loth to leave, it became generally understood that the two were, or soon would be, engaged. All the other young ladies withdrew their hopes, as the devotion became so marked as to show that he was quite willing that it should be understood. He had met Miss Arnold some time before Christmas, and had admired her from the first. Ward Tunnecliffe, with his searching observation quickened by the natural jealousy of his temperament, had been the first to observe this incipient passion, and his own declaration had been hastened by a fear that a suitor so eligible might flatter Maud away from him. Even after she had accepted him, and he had read love in her eyes, and heard it in her voice, and felt it in the rush of their two souls together, he had been a little jealous of the brilliant stranger—brilliant in the array of his wealth and connections, but immeasurably his inferior in manliness. Only a few days before the catastrophe, when he had called on his betrothed in the morning, to say good-by, before going off on his little journey, he had been vexed and disturbed because a bouquet had come in with Mr. Randolph's compliments, and Maud had blushed at receiving it.

No doubt, his fiery spirit, when he received that note from Maud, leaped to quick conclusions about her and this rival of his, and it may have been jealousy even more than despair, which drove him to the last extremity. Of course, being of the same sex as his sister Susie, Maud would leave a ruined man for one who could offer such inducements as this Randolph!

There had been a total severance of the houses of Bowen and Arnold since the failure. Mr. Arnold, indignant at the course pursued by the firm, and angry at his own heavy losses, had given Mr. Bowen the cut direct, and desired his family to have nothing further to do with theirs. He was sorry and shocked that young Tunnecliffe had committed suicide, and for some days was very anxious about his daughter, who was ill in bed, and from whom the news was kept until she was again in her usual health. Knowing that the blow must fall, sooner or later, when she seemed quite well, he began, gently, to break the news to her.

"Don't talk to me about Mr. Tunnecliffe, father," she had said, "I am not at all interested in him any more. I learned something about him that I did not like, and I broke off our engagement before I heard of the failure. I'm sorry you've lost by them, father; but I assure you, I have been deceived in my sentiments toward Ward."

"You are certain that you did not really love him, then?" queried Mr. Arnold, with an eagerness that was almost joyful.

"If I did once, I do not now."

"I am glad to hear this, my darling. I have been afraid to break the news to you. I can not tell how much I am relieved to think my daughter will not be blasted in her young hopes by this catastrophe. But it is very sad, Maud; and I am afraid it will shock you terribly, for all."

He was himself so agitated, that he did not notice the sharp tone in which she cried:

"What is it, father? I can bear it."

"Poor Ward committed suicide the night before the failure, Maud. He jumped into the river off one of the ferry-boats, and he never—"

He was brought to a stop in his narration by a cry from Maud:

"I am his murderer, father—I feel that I am!" and clutching at her throat, as if she, too, were drowning, she fainted.

After that, she was ill for two or three weeks; but as she had been sick at the time of the tragedy, and this relapse did not seem at all connected with it, no one, aside from her parents, suspected the nature of her malady. During her confinement to her room, flowers and messages came daily from Mr. Randolph, and as soon as permitted, he called to congratulate her upon her convalescence.

Her parents, with natural solicitude, forced her to go out more than ever before in her life. By keeping her constantly surrounded with gaiety, and in a round of pleasure, they expected to divert her mind from what appeared to them a morbid sensitiveness with regard to her share in the death of Ward. She never told them how cold and curt was the note which had informed him of her desire to break the engagement, and that she had given him no reason for such a step. She had cause to feel remorse, more than they knew of, and it gnawed at the sources of her life, while they thought her successful in the effort to forget the past. She did not resist their efforts to keep her in society; she gave more attention to her toilet, was more complaisant to her dressmaker, more willing to go out to operas, concerts, Germans, receptions, than ever before—for when she was alone she suffered to an extent which drove her into any company, any occupation which could divert her.

But, to return to the cabinet-maker, who has nothing better to do with his nights than to spend them in spying out the actions of another man. It was a warm evening early in June; one of those oppressive "heated terms," which sometimes come in the first of summer. All the front windows of a house on Madison square were open, as they were in those of most of the neighboring mansions. The birds of fashion had not yet taken their flight, and the square was quite gay with the light streaming from handsome parlors, showing glimpses of rich curtains, costly panels and brightly-framed pictures. In this particular house, a woman was singing. A workman, passing, paused, as if attracted by the music; the voice was a sweet one, and the piano accompaniment deliciously played; David Duncan might be a judge of music, as well as an artisan, for he leaned against a tree which bordered the sidewalk, as much in the shade as he could get, and there remained motionless while the song went on. As usual, the mansion was built with a high basement, and he could not see into the room where the singer was, except the upper portion of it. For some moments after the last note of the song ceased he remained in the same attitude. He had heard that song, often, and under different circumstances from this; and it had a power over him now, which he could not shake off, wrestle with it as he might. Presently some one came to the window. It was a young lady, and the full light of a street-lamp on the square fell upon her face. She did not observe the man standing in the shadow of the tree, and, as the night was warm, and the street quiet, she remained some time, leaning her head against the casement, as if weary.

Her soft muslin robe fell about her person in waves of beauty; the face was a noble one, with dark eyes and a white brow, whose regal lines were softened by the full sweetness of the mouth and the delicacy of the oval chin. After a long gaze at the sky, she sighed heavily, and as her eyes fell, becoming more accustomed to the darkness, she saw the man under the tree, motionless, staring at her. Her first impulse was to start back and close the shutter, but being courageous and the hour early, she remained looking at him. A strange feeling came over her, she pressed her hand to her heart; but when the sudden dimness passed from her sight, the man was walking rapidly away.

"How foolish I am," she thought, trying to laugh at herself, "it is one of Margaret's many admirers, no doubt, staring in at the basement window, waiting for a glimpse of his sweetheart, or an invitation into the kitchen."

While she was still thinking of the fellow, or rather of the curious impression he had made upon her, another step echoed along the pavement, and the young lady withdrew from the window, as she saw a gentleman coming up the steps.

"I wish he had stayed away," she said; "mamma is out, and I shall have to receive him alone. If he had not seen me at the window, I would not be at home."

Her face was not particularly animated in expression as she turned to receive her visitor, who was evidently as pleased to find her alone, as she was annoyed to be so found.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Arnold," he said, with a bright smile.

"Did you call in the hope that we were already gone, and you should be saved the trouble of making your adieu?"

She gave him a seat on the sofa, and herself took one at some distance.

"Satirical, as usual; always a sting in the honey. You know what I mean, Miss Arnold—that I scarcely dared hope to find you alone, and yet I wished it. You go away so soon, now, and I can not part from you, even for a few days, without saying what has been so constantly in my thoughts."

He arose, took a chair, and placed it near to hers. His eyes were sparkling, his face smiling and confident; he would not see that she took on a look of reserve and hauteur; that she was resolved the conversation should not blossom into an open declaration.

"You will be in Newport by the first of July, will you not, Mr. Randolph?"

"I hope so. I certainly shall, if there is any inducement that way. Only one thing can keep me absent even so long as that, and I will not make myself miserable by fearing that."

Now if the lady had wished to lead him on, she would have asked, after the innocent manner of women, under such circumstances, "What can that one thing be? I can not imagine."

Miss Arnold said nothing of the kind; she glanced uneasily toward the piano, asking:

"Did you bring the music you were speaking of, Mr. Randolph?"

"Yes, it is here. I could forget nothing which is associated with you. Will you try it now?"

"By all means; but I am afraid I shall not like it as much as you profess to. Our tastes differ very much, you know."

She was glad to get to the piano; she felt what was coming, and was determined to prevent it. If she could divert him with the music for a time, other visitors might come in. It was painful to her to humiliate any one, and she knew that if he persisted in saying too much, she would be compelled to humiliate Mr. Randolph—further than that, she did not fancy the injury would go. He believed himself an eligible party, and herself another, and that the two would make a most becoming match. Everybody thought so, her own parents along with the rest of the world. She differed from them all; it was a brilliant catch, to be sure, and since she never expected to marry for love, she ought to gratify her friends by securing it; but she felt toward this man something worse than indifference. There was something about him which she did not trust; she despised his intellect, and she had no faith in his moral qualities. If he had been a good man, she might have submitted to what seemed the current of her fate; as it was, she struggled against it. That shallow, glittering smile played over dark waters; she did not like Mr. Randolph's sparkling eye, nor his small white teeth, nor the glimpse she occasionally had of his habit of regarding things which to her were sacred.

The young gentleman liked the change to the piano as well as Miss Maud herself; she had chilled him, despite his egotism, as he sat there before her; but now he could lean over her shoulder, and in the pauses of the playing make out to say what he was determined should be no longer deferred.

Unwittingly, Maud had placed herself at a disadvantage; she tried the new opera, and they talked about it carelessly; but, before she could arm herself against it, a firm hand clasped her own, a warm breath was on her cheek, and the words she had dreaded were poured into her ear—words passionate enough, full of southern fervor, and urged with the will of one not accustomed to giving up that which he coveted.

Miss Arnold was more moved than she

had thought to be; her voice trembled, as she said:

"Why did you take me so by surprise, Mr. Randolph? I would have spared you the pain of telling you I must refuse the honor you have done me. I feel it to be an honor, and am grateful; but I can not—ever—be your wife."

"And why, pray?" he whispered, growing white with anger, for she had spoken in a decisive tone, despite the tremble of sympathy. "It is late for you to tell me this; I have had no reason to expect such an answer. I gained your father's permission this afternoon to speak with you."

"I know my parents favor you, and would be pleased. I have nothing against you, Mr. Randolph, except that I do not love you, nor believe that we would live happily together. I tried to avoid this interview," she added, gently.

"I do not believe it. You brought me to your feet only to mortify me; I shall not endure it. You shall not refuse me." There was something more fierce in his low voice than as if he had spoken aloud; it only served to show Maud what she had suspected, that his temper was fiery and ill-controlled.

"I shall use my own judgment, I presume. Do not forget yourself, Mr. Randolph, and please say no more on this subject. I would rather part with you in a friendly manner."

"We can not be friends," he exclaimed, his black eyes glittering, "we must be more than that—or enemies. I know why you refuse me. You still mourn for a man who died publicly disgraced. I know what the relations between you were; I thought you had more pride, Miss Arnold. I warn you, it is dangerous to play with fire. You have played with me—lured me on, and now you shall accept me, whether you like me or not."

"This is strange talk for a gentleman. I can not hear more of it. I must say good-night, and if we are to meet again as acquaintances, it will be after you have apologized."

"Good-night, Miss Arnold. Remember, I do not withdraw my suit. You will accept me yet. When I have set my heart on a thing, I never give it up. You will see me in Newport."

He made her a courtly bow, but his face was pale, and his expression one that made her nervous, despite of herself. She felt afraid of him, smiling at herself for the folly of the thing, for how could he hurt her?

"If my parents could have witnessed this exhibition of temper, they would not annoy me by favoring his suit," she thought. The parlors were no longer pleasant to her, and she went up to her own room, glad that the trial—since it must come—was over.

Mr. Randolph had not said the truth when he asserted that she encouraged him. She had received his flowers, compliments, and his thousand attentions, as she had those of other young men, and if she had seemed to favor him more, it was because he had pressed his services upon her in such a way that she could hardly reject them.

Before Maud left her chamber, the following morning, her maid brought in her letters, among which was the following:

"Is Miss Arnold aware that a certain vessel is sailing under false colors? The real Reginald Randolph is with his father in Baltimore. The one now in New York is a cousin, who has already played the family some dangerous tricks. His name is the same, but the most of his representations are false. He has no means, except such as they are pleased to give him, having already squandered all that he inherited from his father. His habits are bad; the money which he spends here, he gains mostly by gambling, the rich young men, who are flattered by his patronage, falling easy victims to his skill. If Miss Arnold is sufficiently interested she can obtain all the information necessary, by writing to B. Randolph, Esq., Baltimore."

Again a singular thrill, like that which she had felt when she saw the still figure under the trees, agitated her. It was not the contents of the letter which disturbed her; she was too really indifferent toward Mr. Randolph to care whether he were what was represented or not. She could not explain to herself what it was. The most prosaic and the most coldly philosophical of people have moments when they are depressed or exhilarated by influences which are intangible. Maud held the letter a long time in her hand, and then laid it carefully away.

(To be Continued.)

\$50,000 Reward:

OR,
THE ROMANCE OF A RUBY RING.

A PHILADELPHIA MYSTERY AND MYSTERY.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.,
AUTHOR OF "MASKED MINER," "UNDER BAIL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A HERO AND HIS REWARD.

THERE were others than Frank Hayworth and Agnes Hope who saw the sudden crimsoning of the sky that cold winter night.

Willis Wildern, his head reeling, his feet tottering beneath him, his ears ringing out the words of the actor: "AND WILL YOU TRUST DISGRACE YOUR OWN SISTER!" heard the clanging bells and the cry of fire, and saw the sky suddenly grow red with the glimmer of the up-licking flames.

The man paused and gazed far down the street toward the bright, spreading reflection. Then a rattling fire-engine with its noisy band of red-shirted heroes, dashed by with its clatter and clangor.

Wildern hailed one of the firemen: "Where is the fire, my man?" he asked. "Locust, 'bove 'leveneth;" was the reply, as the fireman hurried on with his shouting company.

"Locust above 'leveneth!" muttered Wildern, leaning for an instant against a tree-box—his eyes starting from his head, his breath coming and going in convulsive gasps.

He buttoned his coat tightly around him, and dashed away at full speed.

Then another and another engine clattered by—their jangling bells ringing wildly on the night-air.

The sky was now red like scarlet, and the air was filled with brightly-flashing sparks, borne upward in giddy, circling eddies, until they were lost in the dense festoons of black smoke hovering over the doomed pile.

Frank Hayworth, all-carrying the fainting form of Agnes in his arms, hastened along as rapidly as he could toward his lodgings. He was anxious to escape the crowd which was thronging the streets.

Despite his melancholy surroundings the young man experienced a kind of sad, somber happiness; for, now, whatever and wherever Sadie might be, he possessed a link which would bind him at least to her memory. He now had the little ring, which he had slipped on that taper little finger long ago, the black night on the wharf overhanging the yellow tide of the James.

Now and then he cheered Agnes by consolatory words, and hurried on.

At last he stood on the steps of the lodging-house. He breathed heavily—for his exertions had been fearful, to say nothing of the worry of mind he had been experiencing for several days.

As he was adjusting the dead-latch-key, he paused. A noisy group, with flashing lanterns, were coming down the street from toward the fire. Then the group was by the door.

"What is it, my men?" asked Hayworth.

"One of our boys, sir—hurt badly. He was trying to save a young woman from the burning house, and he missed his footing and fell," replied the fireman.

"And is the young woman saved?" continued Hayworth, nervously, his voice trembling, he knew not why.

"No, sir, and that's the worst of it, sir! The poor thing somehow or other is locked up in a room. 'Tis thought she has been duped, as the house, to say the least, is owned by a notorious woman."

And the group passed on.

Frank Hayworth shook like a leaf, a wild fire was searing his brain—a maddening thought was mercilessly goading him. He did not enter his lodgings.

Whispering to Agnes to go in and seek her bed, he turned at once and dashed away toward the fire, which was now glowing so grandly, so awe-inspiringly.

Willis Wildern at length reached Locust street. As he was rushing around the corner, he suddenly felt some one touch him on the shoulder. Glancing quickly about him, he saw the tall form of Wild Tom.

"Come along, Tom!" he exclaimed in a deep, labored voice. "The thing's up! Lady Maud has hauled down her colors. The old bag has gold! Help yourself to it, while I attend to other matters!"

"Dat's what I'm here for, Marse Cap'n!" replied the negro, his red eyeballs showing distinctly in the lurid light.

Then they dashed on through the surging crowd, and in a moment or so, had entered the burning house.

The fire seemed to be at the rear of the mansion; the flames were bursting forth there. The long hall of the front building was filled with smoke. Firemen were on the first floor; but they dared not face the fiery element raging above.

Willis Wildern knew a back way to reach the second story. Followed by Tom, his dark soul filled with black thoughts, the man dashed through the smoke-curtained hall until he reached the door leading to the yard.

Here was the small back staircase.

Wildern had scarcely set foot on the first step, when, suddenly, he was confronted by Lady Maud, who rose like a giant from the half-lurid gloom.

"Stand back, man!" she hissed in his face, at the same time jerking a long, keen knife from her bosom, and baring her stalwart right arm. "Stand back, Willis Wildern! I know your hellish purpose! I know that blood is on your soul, and I tell you I'll die before you enter the room of Sadie Sayton! If die she must, I swear before high heaven she shall die unpolluted by the touch of such as you! I can not save her, but I'll give up a thousand lives before you shall reach her! Now, villain, stand back, or—come on and cross knives with me!" and the brawny woman flung herself full in his way.

Wildern did not hesitate long. In an instant his knife, too, was in his hand; and then, with a frenzied cry of vengeance, he flung himself upon his adversary.

The fearful fight was inaugurated. Wild Tom looked on through the smoke, like some demon of the infernal regions.

Then there rung forth a cry of pain. It came from Wildfern. Then he dashed, with more fury than ever, upon the stalwart Amazon who thus fought him breast to breast, foot to foot.

They clenched, and drove their knives viciously into each other. Blood was flowing freely, awfully; but the infuriated combatants, so carried away with their passions, felt not, nor cared for the descending thrusts and stabs.

Then they again staggered to their feet in the hall, Lady Maud was pressing Wildfern back, inch by inch, toward the door, now open, which led into the yard.

At that instant a tall, athletic figure, coatless, hatless, ax in hand, rushed with flying feet into the passage. The glimmer of the lurid light to the rear shone in his face.

For an instant Lady Maud turned and saw that face.

"On with you, Frank Hayworth! up-stairs—second room to right! On, man! and save the pure and spotless girl who loves you to the death!"

And then with a loud cry Frank Hayworth sprang up, and disappeared amid the flame and smoke. He cared for nothing now—fire—nor falling timbers—nor death in any shape! for nothing, save one grand object! That object he would accomplish or—die!

In a moment he was up-stairs—there at the designated door. For an instant the ax circled around his head, and then, with a fearful, swinging stroke, it fell.

The panel was shattered to atoms! Another blow, and the door fell with a crash. Hayworth bounded in.

Kneeling by the bedside, her long golden-haired hair falling in disordered masses over her half-bare shoulders—her hands clasped tremblingly together—her eyes cast aloft, was Sadie Sayton.

She was praying to the God of heaven and earth!

"SADIE!"

"ALLAN!"

And the two confronted each other.

"Art true to me still, Allan?" whispered the girl, amid the roar and crackle of the flames.

"As the needle to the star!"

No other words were spoken by them. There was no time—no need.

In a moment the actor had grasped the tender woman's form in his arms. Nervous himself for the mighty effort—the trying ordeal—he whispered:

"Be brave, Sadie, and trust me!"

Then he darted from the room, around which now the flames were licking; then down-stairs—then through the hot curtains of stagnant smoke, out into the air of the night.

Then a wild shout swelled forth from the swaying crowd without, and Frank Hayworth, with his burden, sunk swooning amid the enthusiastic, sympathizing throng.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A LITTLE RETRIBUTION.

"SAVED! Thank God!" muttered the Lady Maud, as she heard the ringing cheer.

"Now! Willis Wildfern, the time has come, and we'll settle accounts forever!" and she dashed with the fury of a tiger upon him.

They had fought their way to the little back way, and at last they stood directly over the concealed well.

In their mad, furious efforts, the lid which covered the chasm was hurled aside.

At that moment Lady Maud drove her knife full into the neck of Wildfern, just as his dagger sheathed itself deep in her bosom.

They sunk to the ground with a cry and a groan.

Then from the gloom of the overhanging well, suddenly emerged a tall, gigantic figure.

It was Wild Tom.

Swooping down, after glancing about him, he seized both of the writhing forms in his powerful grasp, and by a sudden effort hurled them headlong down the gaping well.

There came up one wild, gurgling, sputtering cry, and then all was still.

For a moment after this terrible work, Tom stood motionless.

Then he muttered:

"Now I'm free at last! Now I've a chance for myself, and dar's nobody living dat can tell a tale on poor black Tom!"

He was about to step away, but he paused—for at that moment three brawny policemen darted through the smoke into the yard.

Tom hesitated not, but sprang to the gate in the wall, and dashed out into the alley. Two of the policemen rushed after him; but the third one paused as he stood on the very brink of the well and chanced to glance down.

The lurid flames flashing upward in the smoke-laden air shone in a fitful reflection straight down into the yawning chasm.

The sight revealed made the sturdy of ficer stand back and exclaim:

"Great God!"

But hesitating no longer, he likewise sprang through the gate and followed on to join his companions in the chase.

He had not gone a moment before the walls of the backbuilding fell with a terrible crash—the debris filling the yard and choking up the well.

Then the flames communicated to the

front portion of the house, and despite the heroic efforts of the firemen, it was, in a few moments, enveloped in swaying billows of flames.

Tom fled away like wind. At first he distanced his pursuers; but those men, like himself, were men of iron, accustomed to fatigue, and turning aside from naught when there was a quarry in sight. Besides that, they were much fresher than he.

So, though still keeping well ahead, the negro began to fall—to lag; and then those who followed gained on him; nor had they once lost sight of him.

On he dashed. Tom had now taken a cross street, and reached Coates. Up this he turned. Then the chase grew hotter than ever.

On sped the giant black; he was now fast nearing Fairmount. His object was plain. He was endeavoring to reach the burrow leading through the hill into the old vault, at Laurel Hill Cemetery.

At length he reached the river. He was panting with exertion. He glanced around him. There, not a hundred paces behind him, came the policemen. Then suddenly a flash spitted out in the gloom, and a whizzing bullet sung over Tom's head.

The negro hesitated no longer; he darted to the river-bank, and without pausing a moment sprang out upon the ice, which was now a half-foot thick.

On—on! And now Girard avenue bridge showed dimly in the gloom. Tom was already within its huge shadow.

Then suddenly he disappeared from sight; and a moment after, a heavy, sullen splash reverberated beneath the long span, and echoed in the night-air.

The policemen, who had followed, hastened on, and in a few minutes they stood by a large hole in the black ice. For a moment they silently gazed on.

Then one of them said in a low voice:

"Well, it is all right! The black rascal has gone down in the air-hole, and the gallows is cheated, that's all! Come, let's go back!"

Without another word, the officers hurried away toward the neighboring bank on the canal side and disappeared.

They had not been gone two minutes, when, suddenly, a dark object appeared above the water in the air-hole. Then the body of a man showed.

Placing his hands on the broken edge of the ice, the man slowly drew himself out of the freezing water, and crawling carefully away from the treacherous spot, he straightened himself up.

"Ha! ha!" he chuckled; "a mon'srous close shave, dat! But dat 'fernal air-hole dar give me a lift after all! . . . I'll change dese rags, and den—why I think it's 'bout time to git!"

Thus speaking, Tom shook himself like a water-dog, and hurrying away, disappeared up the ice-covered river.

Late that night, in Frank Hayworth's room on Tenth street, Sadie Sayton, pale, almost pulseless, lay on the actor's bed. Kneeling by her side, holding her hand, was Frank Hayworth. At the girl's head, gently brushing back the long rippling locks, was Agnes Hope.

At length Sadie opened her eyes, and glanced around her. Her gaze fell on the portrait of herself on the wall—then on Agnes—then on the actor.

"Thank God, Allan! You are true!" she murmured.

And then in one breath the actor and the actress said, in a voice just above a whisper:

"Saved!"

Heaven reigned in the lowly boarding-house that night!

CHAPTER XXXVII.

L'ENVOI!

The morning after the great fire on Locust street, Frank Hayworth (or Allan Hill), seated in the little parlor of the boarding-house, suddenly started as his eyes fell upon a certain notice in the paper, over which he was glancing.

He read that notice several times. Then, as a singular expression came to his face—an expression of sadness and sunlight mingled—he arose to his feet, and walked slowly from the room.

He ascended the stairs and reaching his own room, rapped gently on the panel.

Agnes answered the summons.

"Is Sadie awake, my sister?" asked the young man, in a low, trembling voice.

"Yes, Frank, and dressed. Come in," and Agnes made way for him to enter.

The actor, paper in hand, walked into the room. He passed no salutations with the maid he loved, but, drawing near her, knelt by her side, took her hand in his, and said, feelingly:

"Nerve yourself, Sadie, and read that paragraph," and without further word, he gave her the paper, pointing at the same time to the notice.

Sadie did as directed.

One glance and her face paled, and the blood fled away from her lips. Then dropping the paper, she raised her eyes aloft, and murmured:

"Thy will, oh Lord, be done!"

Then she drew Agnes to her side and pillowed her head on her sympathizing bosom.

That notice read tersely thus:

"If this should meet the eye of Miss Sadie Sayton, of Sayton Manor, Charles City County, Va., she is earnestly requested to return at once to her home. It is our sad duty thus to announce the death of her fa-

ther, who passed away praying for her presence, and blessing her name.

(Signed),
ARTHUR GORDON,
"JAMES CLEARKE,
"Executors of the Sayton Estate."

We will not linger here. There is no need. Suffice it to state that Allan Hill never appeared on the stage again, under the name of Frank Hayworth, or any other. That very day he threw up his engagement at the "Chestnut," much to the regret of the management.

We shall not attempt to describe the meeting between Fanny and her long-lost mistress, which took place this same day—the one after the fire.

In one week—during which time Allan Hill had transferred his lodgings to the St. Lawrence Hotel, taking along with him the shrinking, pale-faced, yet happy-hearted Agnes—the party left for New York. There they took passage for Virginia in the Norfolk steamer.

And the gentle Agnes, whom Sadie already loved devotedly, went with the party. Six months from that time, in the grand old mansion of Sayton Manor, Allan Hill and Sadie, the heiress, stood up in the face of a large company, and plighted their faith, the one to the other.

When the ceremony was over, Sadie, in a quiet moment, archly drew from beneath the glove of her left hand a small jewel, and holding it up to Allan, said in his ear:

"Here, darling husband; I give you again the diamond-pin, which you *did* not bestow upon another fair one!"

Allan Hill bowed his fine head; and then drawing from his pocket a parcel, he handed it to Sadie, saying:

"And I restore to you, my sweet wife, the ring which you did not bestow upon a treacherous man!"

And at that marriage ceremony Agnes Hope officiated as bridemaid. Nor did any one in that vast company which thronged Sayton Manor, save Allan Hill and herself, know the great sacrifice which that noble girl had made!

But on the altar of her pure and holy heart that night a sacred fire was burning—the incense-fumes from which were wafted up, even into the celestial courts, and accepted there as a sweet offering of resignation and obedience to a fiat which no mortal could disobey.

Months after the conflagration at the mansion of the unfortunate, misguided, and to-be-pitied Lady Maud, when the bricks had cooled, workmen gathered there to clear away the rubbish, preparatory to erecting on the spot a more lordly dwelling.

All that was combustible of the mansion had been burned to the ground, and the bare, blackened walls had been pulled down by order of the authorities.

In clearing away the ruins from the little back yard, the well was exposed to view. Down this well one of the workmen chanced to glance.

The terrible sight then revealed, led to an investigation, and two half-charred, half-decayed bodies were discovered. They were readily recognized, however, as those of Wildfern and Lady Maud, who had long been missing.

Along with those bodies were also found two skeletons, bleached and rattling.

No one, however, could read the horrible secret of that well. Nor is the secret known now to a living soul save to him who pens these lines.

A day may come when this secret will be given to the public.

Several years passed, and one morning Allan Hill paused as he read a paper down in his fine old home.

He had seen a death-notice.

That day, in the presence of his wife, he read the notice to the sweet-faced, pensive Agnes; and then, showing her an old, faded marriage certificate, told her the secret of her birth, her relationship to the wicked Willis Wildfern, and then informed her of her wealth.

Allan and his wife accompanied Agnes Hope to Philadelphia.

There was no trouble in getting possession of her property.

But Agnes returned, after making suitable arrangements with a lawyer in regard to her riches, back to Virginia with Allan Hill and Sadie.

There she lives to-day, sweet-tempered, quiet and happy.

And Allan and his darling wife are happy, too—happy as the parents of two lovely twin-daughters, one of whom answers to the name of "Agnes," the other, the fair-haired, to that of "Ruby."

THE END.

Cruiser Crusoe:
OR,
LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFORREST.

NUMBER THIRTY-SIX.

SYNOPSIS.

CRUISER CRUSOE is a lad who, having sailed for Virginia, in company with his father, mother, brothers, sisters and uncle, is shipwrecked on an unknown island. The ship by great stress of heavy weather has been driven far out of her course well down on the African coast, and is then lost by striking a low point of land stretching from an island well out in the sea. The lad is only saved by drifting with the strong tide until it lands him on the island; but, as far as he knows, none others who were on the ship have escaped. On this island he lives alone for many months, isolated from all the world, but having for companions a strange

collection indeed of animals which his ingenuity had caught and tamed, viz., zebras, antelopes, monkeys, etc., and the brave dog which had been rescued afterward by him, when he visited the wreck. The island is prolific of vegetation, growing many grand trees, many rare and curious woods, and splendid plants and vines. It is unpeopled save by visitations of the savage *Flora*, from the neighboring continent. These savages the lad dreads. They discover his presence on the island and hunt him, but his trusty firearms, and his well-built cave castle save him from capture. Only in one of the visitors does he have any interest—that of a girl who becomes, as the story advances, the center of a rare interest. The pictures of life in the Lone Isle are vividly enough painted; the tale of the boy's daily adventures are startling enough and strange; and the continued chapters will show how the life the brave lad led was finally crowned with a triumph of a most unexpected and remarkable character, and how his Lone Isle became a principality.

HAVING decided on a return march home, my horse was loaded with whatever camp equipage I had, including game and a quantity of rice, while I, leading my capture, walked beside the animal. Tiger also assuming a dignified and important air, as if he had been the main instrument in taking these prizes. They strode along with a mournful air, which was partly caused by their wounds, and partly from a sense of defeat. They refused all nourishment, and the idea began to cross my mind that I was taking a great deal of trouble for nothing.

Still, it was no use giving up so soon. At length we reached home, and here a new difficulty presented itself to me. Out came the whole tribe of dogs, and flew at the prisoners; I hastened to drive them off with a switch, but before I could interfere, they had placed themselves out of reach by leaping on the horse's back, and there grinning at the furious and barking troop.

Driving the dogs away, and casting to them a pig which I had killed by the way, the monkeys were led within the fortification, where they were fastened, each to a separate tree, by a very thick cocoanut-fiber rope, which went both round their waists and necks. Then I dressed their wounds, which were very painful. This at once made a change, and I thought I could see each of the little brutes look up at me with a grateful and happy look, which was pleasing, indeed, to behold.

It gave me the key to the nature of these animals. They can be tamed only by kindness. Naturally enough, they are afraid of man at first, for in their native wilds he is even a greater enemy to them than the snake and the leopard, for the simple reason that monkey-flesh, especially that of the small monkey, is popular.

It is said to be tolerably good eating, though extremely dry and sapless. The fault of this, however, lies in the inferior and primitive style of cooking, which is simply this—a sharp stake is run right through its body, and it is roasted whole thus. Though I believe it can be made palatable by proper culinary preparations, it was never my intention to try, as with me monkey-eating seemed almost on a par with cannibalism, and was regarded so by many old travelers. No doubt much relative to the consumption of the human body for food may have arisen from mistakes of this nature.

Having secured the monkeys, I brought them some food, consisting of broken cocoanuts, vegetables, ground-nuts, and other fruits, which, after some sulking, they ate, but only on this occasion, when I was at a distance. But on that, and many consecutive days, by giving them food at stated periods, by bringing them water myself, and by driving off the dogs with a whip, they began to look upon me as their natural protector.

From that moment they were mine, and I knew it. They allowed me to play with them; would never eat unless I gave them food with my own hand; and gradually began to obey me as strictly and immediately as any that ever were seen in the streets of a great city. By degrees, as they grew bigger, I used them to carry light burdens, until, as their strength increased, they willingly carried loads.

As they can not stand quite erect, and require the constant use of their hands in walking, I devised a plan which was plainly successful. I made for them a thing like that which the Welsh milkwomen put across their shoulders to carry milk with. These were made in such a way as not to hurt them, and in this manner they carried such considerable burdens as astonished me.

My attention to my monkeys, whom I called Castor and Pollux, did not prevent me from attending to my other duties. My plantations wanted continual watching, which I did with my whole kennel of dogs, who liked nothing better than to scamper after the birds, rabbits, and other animals which feloniously endeavored to appropriate to themselves my goods and chattels.

Numerous crows and other birds were snared by my net, and duly hung in chains as an example to all and every evil-doer. This, carried out with spirit, was marvelously useful, and kept them away to a very large extent. Still, to my great chagrin, they devoured much more than would have lasted me for a considerable period. For this there was no help but resignation; and as there were at my disposal so many of the good things of this earth, it would have been ingratitude to have fretted.

Of course it will easily be imagined that all this time my thoughts were bent upon her who had vanished so strangely from my society, and on that village where I was sure were so mysteriously congregated

all that I loved best in the world. But with all my courage, I had not the resolution to consume months in the construction of another canoe, when I recollected what had occurred on the last occasion.

Another idea, however, crossed my mind—that I would, if they should not be the first to visit my island, make a bold venture and build a raft, gain the mainland anywhere I could with my horse, and ride direct to the village. But there were very many reasons against the adoption of this plan. In the first place, it was a most fearfully laborious task to make a raft of sufficient size to bear myself, and my horse and baggage, across a bubbling sea-channel six miles wide.

Then again, nothing could be more unlikely than that the dwellers in that village remained any length of time on that bleak and arid coast. If they were not able to gain my island, they would go into the interior and settle in some obscure and fertile valley, until such time as they could devise some means of escape from their horrid fate.

This time the risk appeared to me so great that, though there was always a deep longing to be working, I had not made up my mind to begin. Even a considerable discovery which I made at this time did not move me so much as it might have done at any other period.

This was my falling on that curious marvel of nature—which is after all marvels—the cork tree.

The cork tree is simply an oak (*quercus suber*). In order to take off the bark, an incision is made from the top to the bottom of the tree, and, at each extremity, another round the tree, perpendicular to the first. When the tree is fifteen years old it may be barked for eight years successively; and the quality of the bark improves with the age of the tree. When stripped from the tree, which does not therefore die, the bark is piled up in a pond or ditch and loaded with heavy stones, to flatten it and reduce it into a tabular form. It is then removed to be dried, and, when sufficiently dry, put in bales for carriage. If care be not taken to strip the bark, it splits and peels off of itself, being pushed up by another bark formed underneath.

The cork tree, and the uses to which the bark may be applied, were known both to the Greeks and the Romans. Pliny informs us that the Romans employed it to stop all kinds of vessels; but the use of it for this purpose does not appear to have been common till the invention of glass bottles, of which there is no mention before the fifteenth century.

Other vegetable productions have been sometimes employed instead of cork. The *spondias lutea*—a tree which grows in South America, particularly in moist places, and which is there called *moutin* or *monbain*—was sometimes brought to England for the purpose of stopping vessels. The roots of liquorice are applied to the same use; and on this account the plant is much cultivated in Slavonia, and exported to other countries. A tree called *nyssa*, which grows in North America, has been found also to answer as a substitute for cork. The bark of cork is of some use in medicine as an astringent. It also makes Spanish black; and some people fancy cork cups. The Egyptians made coffins of cork, which, with a resinous composition, preserved dead bodies uncorrupted. In Spain they line stone walls with cork. Such are some of its uses.

But a truce to digression, of which, like most old men, I am perhaps too fond.

It was during one of those occasional days of rest which were kept holy by me as the Sabbath day, that, exploring my island as I now did in every direction, and always finding something new, either in the way of flowers or of plants, I gazed curiously at a grove of trees which were quite new to me, but which struck me at the same time as very curious. Approaching nearer, and being unable, from my previous knowledge, to make out what they were, I cut them with a knife, and the truth was at once apparent.

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THE CRIPPLE.

BY PHILIP HARTLEY HARDY.

To childhood all the years
By summers bright are told,
How 'mid the curling hair
Is laid the sunshine's gold;
But on this tender head,
If thus we count the years,
Winters had come alone,
Tadened with pain and tears.

The face was pale and wan,
With large, sad eyes of brown,
Into whose wistful depths
All pitying, one look'd down;
Upon the brow so white
Deep lines of pain were drawn,
And from the sad, thin lips
The careless smiles were gone.

How dark and damp the hair
Lay on his temples blue;
And oh, the childish hands,
Look'd sad and pallid, too.
The tiny, helpless feet
No bounding tread had known,
His trembling, boyish life
A weariness had grown.

No nodding clover-heads
Beneath his step were crush'd,
No springing from the bank
Where dancing brooklets gush'd,
No climbing where the sun
First tingles all the trees;
No dashing through the woods
Where sobs the chilly breeze.

No dancing gay and free
Out in the sunshine warm;
No breasting wild, fierce winds,
Or meeting winter's storm.
Grown old and worn, when scarce
His boy-life had begun,
Gripping in shadowy gloom,
While others meet the sun.

God keep the waters sweet
Down in his stricken soul,
Or o'er it blighting waves
In bitterness will roll.
Not always will it last,
All feet at last grow still—
His life may grow all bright
Beyond death's waves so chill.

A Thrilling Tale.

A Groan from Underground!

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

ONE day, some twenty years ago, when "still-hunting" in the western part of Kentucky, in a tract of hilly country heavily timbered, I came unexpectedly upon a clearing of eight or ten acres in extent. It was fenced in, most part planted with corn, with a comfortable log-house standing near the woods on one side and an inclosure of the usual kind, stable and "cribs," at the back. I was glad to see this settlement. The hour was close upon sunset; I had been out all day; my own place of sojourn was full ten miles distant; my provision-wallet was empty, and I was hungry as a wolf! In any case the settler could supply me with a "pone" of corn bread, as the corn was quite ripe; and, from the prosperous appearance of the place, probably also with a "hunk" of hog-meat. Without reflecting further, I made straight toward the house, entered the inclosure, and stood in front of the building. It was in the customary style of backwoods architecture—a double log-cabin, with an open arcade through the center, showing the water-pail and gourd "dipper" on a little side-shelf, with a variety of other utensils and implements that form the paraphernalia usually deposited in the porch of a western settler's shanty.

Before entering, I waited awhile outside, in hopes that some of the inmates would come out to receive me; and, as I should have expected, make me welcome to some sort of hospitality, however rude. I wondered they had not seen me approaching, for the doors on each side of the center-passage were both open, as also were the rudely-cut squares that did duty as windows. No one made appearance. I coughed, and made other noises; and then hailed the house, inquiring if any one was within. There was no answer to the interrogatory, and none when it was repeated in louder and louder tones. There could be no doubt about the dwelling having inhabitants, for there was the array of utensils and furniture. Indeed in the open porch there was a table, set with some crockery-ware, as for a dinner, and a chair standing beside it. It appeared, however, as if the meal had been already eaten, for, on closer scrutiny, I observed some debris of bones and broken bread, with a plate or two that showed as having been used.

Perhaps, thought I, the parties who have been dining have retired to one of the inner rooms, and are indulging in a siesta. They were asleep, which would explain their not having responded to my summons.

I spoke again, this time still louder; but with like result. No voice in reply, and no stir of any kind.

Becoming impatient, I threw aside my diffidence, and stepped up into the porch; and commenced exploring the place. I finished by finding no one. There were two large apartments—one on each side of the passage. Both were furnished in the western cabin style, one of them containing a good four-post bed. But, as regarded human beings, both were empty. So, also, was a small "lean-to" at the back, which did service as a kitchen.

The people are out, I concluded, most likely at work among the corn. I returned to the front, and, standing on the stoop, looked over the clearing. As the tall maize plants were still in full leaf, I could only see to the distance of about a hundred feet, that is, to end of the rail-fence inclosure, which opened to the cornfield through a set of bars, all of which were down. Near this entrance was an upright post, with a long tree-trunk resting lever-fashion across its top, the post serving as its fulcrum. On the thicker end of the tree were attached some stones, and from the smaller hung a piece of grape-vine, ten or twelve feet in length, and upon the ground underneath were some roughly-hewn slabs. The structure was easily recognizable as a well, with its primitive lift, far older than pump or windlass—old as the Bible itself. The grape-vine, that formed the substitute for a rope to sustain the bucket, was broken short off, and no bucket was to be seen. I might have regretted this; for I was choking with thirst; but, turning to the water-pail on the shelf, I found it nearly full; I at once satisfied my

longings on that head: I was still too diffident to make free with the food on the table, though hungry enough to have gobbled up every thing I saw there—some fragments of corn-cake, and a "knuckle" of boiled ham. Delicacy and decency counseled me to wait till the inmates of the house should come back and make me welcome to its hospitality. Drawing the one chair a little apart from the table, I sat down upon it and waited. Half an hour passed, but nobody put in an appearance. Strongly tempted to be rude, I approached the table, and made a closer scrutiny of the "broken victuals," as well as the plates and dishes. I now saw signs that told me some considerable time must have elapsed since the meal had been made. I continued on to the kitchen. There had been a fire upon the hearth, and one or two cooking-pots stood near. But, the ashes were quite cold, and had been so for at least forty-eight hours. In fact, the indications all around were, that the house, for that time, had been unoccupied!

Puzzled by this I returned into the passage; and my keen appetite of hunger no longer permitting me to restrain myself, I satisfied it as far as I could upon the debris of the deserted dinner-table.

Taking another drink of water, I lighted a cigar and sat down in the porch, determined to remain a little longer, and see whether any host would appear: so that I might have an opportunity of settling my account.

None came; but before the cigar was half-burned through, a voice at length fell upon my ear; coming as I supposed from the cornfield. It was evidently the voice of a man, though far from being in a tone that could be called cheerful. It rather sounded like a groan—and as if the utterer was in distress. I, of course, presumed it to be some one belonging to the cabin, who had been temporarily absent, and was now on return.

I listened and waited, expecting soon to see the owner of the voice, and the cabin as well, make appearance. But he did not, though I again heard the voice, and again, as lugubrious as before, and equally distant. Ten minutes elapsed—twenty—the groan again two or three times repeated, but no one to explain it!

It now occurred to me that the owner of the clearing was somewhere among the corn—that some misfortune had befallen him which hindered him from returning to the house, and that he might be lying on the ground disabled and dying.

grasped at in his descent, snapped off at a weak place, and he and his melon with the bucket all went down together. Fortunately for him, the water at the bottom of the well was deep enough to break his fall, and with the slab impeding his descent prevent him from being crushed; and equally fortunate it was not deep enough to drown him. Standing in it, it just touched his chin, and thus had he stood for over forty-eight hours—the melon which he had eaten even to the rind saving him from starvation!

He had shouted till he was hoarse, and continued to cry out at intervals, every hour with less hope of being rescued. He knew that his wife and servant would not return in time; and in this remote clearing—ten miles from the nearest neighbors—it might be a month before any one would stray within hearing.

He had just voice enough left to direct me where I should find a rope, which being attached to the piece of grape-vine, was lowered into the well. Having looped himself to the loose end of it, I was enabled, by the help of the great tree lever, to draw him up out of the well and conduct him to his cabin, almost as much dead as alive.

I need not add that I staid with him till his wife's return, at which time he was sufficiently restored to laugh at the dilemma from which I had been the means of relieving him, and along with his "old woman," as he called her—though she was only a buxom, good-looking young girl—made me the most welcome guest who had ever darkened the door of his lonely domicile.

The Sailor's Daughters.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

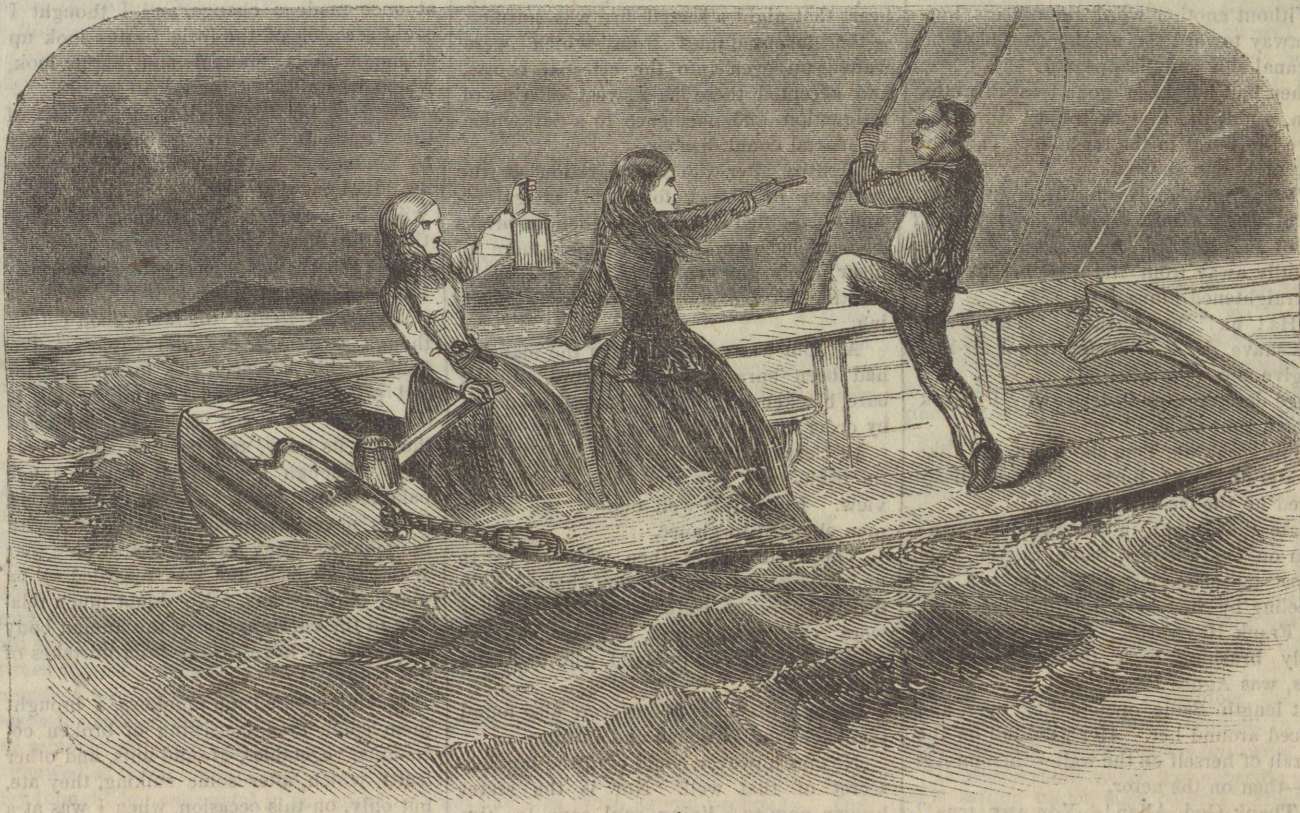
"Isn't this an awful night, Imelda?" and, glancing at her golden-haired sister, Irene Sherwood went to the window and watched the forked lightning streak the inky sky.

Imelda shuddered as a peal of thunder shook their frail habitation to its foundation, and she thought of their sailor father, who was abroad on the angry billows.

Suddenly her sister turned from the window with a frightened look, and spoke, in trembling accents:

"Imelda," she said, "some one is at the door. Did you not hear the rap?"

"Indeed I did not, sister," Imelda answered, rising and stepping toward the door.



THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTERS.

"We must be cautious about admitting people at night during father's absence. Bad characters are in our little town."

In a firm voice, the sailor's daughter demanded who stood on the step at such a wild hour.

"Me, girls—Charley McAllister," said a voice, which the girls recognized as that belonging to a young man, bearing a respectable character, who inhabited the little coast hamlet. "Open, girls, for I've bad news—the Sea-gull has just gone to pieces, and—"

"What?" cried Irene, darting forward, and unbarring the door in an instant. "Where is it—where is father?" demanded the girls, as the messenger entered.

"Why, he lies on the beach in a bad condition. We could not move him, and so they sent me here to take you to him."

"Yes, yes, we will go! poor, dear father," cried Imelda. "Come, quickly!"

A minute later they were following McAllister through the gloom, which every now and then was momentarily dissipated by the lightning. The sisters looked ahead, expecting to see a number of lanterns moving up and down the shore. But, they were disappointed, for but a single light met their gaze.

"Why do we not see more lights on the beach?" asked Imelda, touching their guide's arm.

"Because hardly anybody in town has heard of the wreck. Two or three good fellows are there, and we will do all we can."

The girls moved dauntlessly on, and soon stood on the beach. Two men confronted them, and a lantern flashed its bright light in their faces.

"Schuyler Grant!" cried Imelda, shrinking from the face of him who held the lantern.

"Butler Hemans!" broke from Irene's pale lips, as she stared at the man who stood beside Schuyler Grant.

Both men laughed fensively, and then the girls realized how they had been betrayed. "You are ours now," said Grant, triumphantly, as he gazed into Imelda's face. "You never dreamed of meeting us again. You thought we would remain away when you told me to go. But, no, Imelda Sherwood, you do not know Schuyler Grant. I swore, that night, that you should yet be mine, and Butler swore that your sister should be his. Our oaths are near fulfillment."

Butler Hemans drew cords from his pockets, and tied the little wrists together. The sisters submitted, knowing how futile would be all efforts to resist those ruffians.

"Now to the boat, Nero," said Grant.

Obedying their abductor's command, the girls stepped into the boat, and the negro seized the oars.

"Keep an eye on them, Nero," admonished one of the villains, as the negro looked up, as if for parting orders. "We'll be with you at the end of an hour, and off for the White Bird. Now go, and recollect every thing we have told you."

The boat shot from the shore. "We are lost, Imelda," sighed Irene, as the horror of their seemingly hopeless situation overcame her.

"Do not despair," whispered Imelda, bravely. "We must outwit the wretches."

"How, sister?"

"We must dispose of the negro, and steer the smack to shore before they return. You are not unarmed?"

"No," answered Irene. "I always carry my pistol, in father's absence, you know."

They continued to converse in low tones until the smack was reached, and they soon found themselves upon its little deck.

The negro motioned to a seat in the stern, and then from beneath a seat he drew a sea-lantern, which he lit. Then he turned to the girls, released them, and seated himself by the tiller. He placed the lantern on a bench against the side of the smack, folded his brawny arms, and never for a moment took his eyes from his prisoners.

The storm was furious. The lightning still flashed, and the deep thunder rolled along the gloomy heavens, and the little smack was tossed upon the white crests of the cold waves like a nutshell.

"The time has come," whispered Imelda, to her sister, as the negro rose and went forward to adjust some of the foot-ropes.

"Yes," answered Irene, quietly taking a pistol from her bosom. "Now is the time, sister. Be quick!"

Noiselessly the brave sisters rose to their feet. Imelda seized the lantern and the tiller, while Irene's weapon was leveled at the head of the now alarmed negro, the picture of terror and indecision.

"Overboard, you black scoundrel, or I'll send a ball through you!" cried the heroic girl.

"Oh Lordy—don't, missus—don't shoot!"

"Over, I say, or you are a dead man!" she shouted, as she began to move toward him.

With a wild howl of despair the negro plunged into the seething sea, just as a light was seen moving toward them!

"They are coming!" cried Irene. "What shall we do?"

NOVEMBER MORNING.

BY JOE POT, JR.

On withered leaves the white frost lies,
And the long fields of corn
Are yellow in the cold sunrise,
And shivering in the morn.

The sun just shows his tardy face
Delaying in the east,
The crisp air chills, for comes apace
The season we love least.

Down, through the meadow singing goes
The milk-maid tripping along;
The morning mists about her close
As if to hear her song.

The house is all upon the move
To greet the early day,
And I hang round the kitchen stove,
A good deal in the way.

Beat Time's Notes.

READ these recommendations which I have lately received in regard to my celebrated Anti-corrosive, Unflinching Bitters:

"I have used freely of it, and can say, in my sober moments, that it is good. J. B."
"It purifies the atmosphere. T. D."
"It equalizes the circulation of currency. J. G."

"It renews the fight-al energies. Q. K."
"It corrects all the disarrangements of the planetary system. A. F. B."

"It takes all bad humors from the system, and puts one in good humor. T. W."
"It produces good appetites, two appetites are in every bottle, warranted. DRUG-GIST."

"It regulates the suggestive powers. Dr."
"It completely unnerves a nervous man. L. B."

"It fortifies the system for all Radical changes. H. G."
"It enriches the constituents of the blood, and the constituents of Congressmen. B. S."

"It made my debtors all come to time. S. T."
"I have found it very good in intestine wars. NAR."

"It gave an entire new tone to my accordion. JAKE."

"It is composed entirely of valuable extracts of political speeches. BON."
"It restored my reputation. JIM FISK, JR."
"It makes me drunk. PETE."

I DREAMT last night that I got into a nest of lizards, cats, rattlesnakes, little imps, hydra-headed and hydrophobic animals of the Saurian period. I fought bravely and killed whole cords of those reptiles, though they came to time like a regiment of landlords, and nearly overpowered me. I was so badly scared I couldn't run, so you may imagine I was pretty badly scared, and if I could have dried and stuffed all of them I would have had a fine collection of Natural History. Some one had the audacity to say I had a friendly shake with old D. Lerium Tremens.

THERE is a good deal in being too honest; I try my best not to be, but still I am not getting rich very fast.

TEACH your children manners at the table. When I am out for dinner (it is a great saving to take your meals out), nothing delights me so much as to see all the children at the first table, even if one or two of the guests have to wait. I am filled with enthusiasm to see them pour out the syrup and then lick the spout—to see them wipe their noses on the table-cloth—to see them get extra hot potatoes in their mouths, and then be jerked away from the table.

My advice is to never knock under; always knock over.

In you eat a peck of green apples and have terrible dreams at night when you get to sleep, that is what I would call cholera-in-phantom.

THE greatest lick of all is the public. The most delightful lick of all is music.

A MAN can be wise and not know it, but it is impossible to be a fool and not show it.

A MAN named Leaf was recently thrown from his horse. Leaves have their time to fall.

By the words of your mouth ye are judged, but writers should not be penned down to this rule; but should anybody feel himself aggrieved at my words, if he will give me due notice, so that I will have time to procure a revolver, I will forgive him as easy as an old jacket.

THE only persons who do more than they profess are lawyers; they do everybody that they can get hold of.

ANY one who has something more in his head than pumpkin seeds knows that honesty is the best policy, although he doesn't care much about the policy.

I SINCERELY wish that all poor men had banks; it would greatly tend to ameliorate their condition; or that all starving people kept grocery stores; and I wish that I only had money enough to buy the Astor House, for I wouldn't do it, but would put the money in my pocket.

SOME of the symptoms of Great Man are some watch-chain, much smartness, more stomach, vast dignity, great pride, less wisdom, little honor, and no brains.

A MAN blew in the muzzle of a gun, fingered the trigger with his toe; his administrator says his creditors can help themselves to what is left, although he had no remains.

If the almanacs don't get out of order, Thanksgiving Day will be here before long. As far as something good to eat is concerned, it is the best day that ever was invented.

My sweetest memories are shrouded tenderly with the steam of past Thanksgiving turkeys, though one of them turned out to be a goose, as I did for making the mistake when I bought it. I have many thanks to give this year. I have been saving them up, which is the best way, and those who have done me favors during the year by stealing my pigs, cutting my cow's tail off, throwing inanimate cats in my way, and giving me too high a character for unreliability, will be severely thanked, so look outwardly.

My wife and I had a dispute about the chignon, and she liked to kicked my shin off.

THE writer who is given to Rhapsody should become a drug clerk, when he could wrap-soda to some advantage to the world.

ALL things must have an end, as the captain said when he gave the sailor the rope's end.